The Outlook

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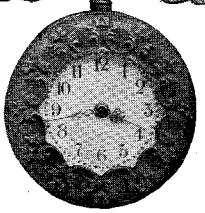

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The Outlook

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The Russian Naval Disaster

By the death of Admiral Makaroff Russia loses not only the commander-in-chief of her naval forces in the Far East, but a man unsurpassed in her war records for personal intrepidity and for dash and brilliancy as a leader of sea forces. He was a scientific as well as a fighting sailor; he invented a wonderfully efficient ice-breaking boat, and to him are due many labor-saving naval devices. In view of the disastrous result of Admiral Makaroff's policy at Port Arthur, it may, indeed, be questioned whether that policy was the most prudent, but none can deny that his determination to face the enemy inspired spirit and courage in the Russian ranks at the scene of the war and at home. From the moment he took command at Port Arthur, Admiral Makaroff showed his intention not to allow his ships to be held supine in harbor. The result was a series of naval maneuvers not unlike a familiar boys' game; the Russian ships repeatedly ventured forth from the harbor, seeking a chance to cut off some part of the Japanese fleet, or to induce the Japanese vessels to follow them in pursuit within the reach of the guns of the forts; the Japanese vessels, on the other hand, tried to lure the Russian ships far enough from port to suffer disaster. By the repetition of these maneuvers the Japanese became fairly well acquainted with the exact course steered by the Russian ships to regain their inner harbor through an entrance mined by the Russians except for a narrow passage. With this knowledge, the Japanese prepared a trap which was eminently successful. In the night of Tuesday of last week a mining vessel, the Korio Maru, protected by Japanese torpedo-boats, under cover of darkness, laid floating mines near the outer entrance of the harbor. On Wednesday the appearance of Japanese vessels in the offing induced the Russians to sally forth, and the usual exchange of shots took place. During this encounter (or, as some say, before, and on its way from Dalny) the Russian torpedo-boat, the Strashni, became separated from the squadron, was attacked by a superior force of the enemy, and was completely destroyed. The Russian armored cruiser Bayan sustained some injury also, and it is possible that one or more of the Japanese cruisers may have been hit. Meanwhile the Japanese squadron was reinforced, and the Russians retreated as usual to the harbor entrance, and there formed a line of battle. Just at this time the splendid Russian battle-ship the Petropavlovsk, having on board Vice-Admiral Makaroff, many members of his staff, and perhaps six hundred men, struck one of the mines laid by the Japanese, and within five minutes turned completely over, with the immediate loss of nearly all of those on board, including Vice-Admiral Makaroff. The fact that the Petropavlovsk stood unusually high out of water may have made her danger of "turning turtle" after damage greater than that of most war-ships. She was built ten years ago at a cost of over $5,000,000, exclusive of her guns. By the merest chance, the Grand Duke Cyril, cousin to the Czar, and considered second in succession to the throne, was on the bridge, and was able to leap into the water and escape, although not without injury. The captain of the ship, three or four officers, and from thirty to fifty men escaped in the same way, but few without injury. At almost the same moment the Russian battle-ship Pobieda

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received an injury in the same manner, but without loss of life, while the damage was not of a serious kind. Following this terrible Russian disaster, a bombardment of Port Arthur took place, but without any important effect. The account given above is substantially that indicated in Admiral Togo's despatches, and there seems little reason to doubt its correctness, although the Russians for some time seemed inclined to maintain that the loss of the Petropavlovsk was caused by her striking one of her own mines, by a boiler explosion, by explosives hidden treacherously in her coal, or by a Japanese submarine boat. Generally speaking, the reports cabled from Japan and attributed directly to Admiral Togo have proved correct. Admiral Makaroff will be succeeded in command of the Russian sea-force at Port Arthur by Vice-Admiral Skrydloff, who has been forty years in the navy, and distinguished himself in the war with Turkey. The repeated naval successes of the Japanese have, it is believed, left only two Russian battle-ships uninjured; but while Russia is undoubtedly so far crippled as to make Japanese present naval preponderancy in the Far East unquestioned, it is a mistake to regard (as some newspapers seem to be doing) all the Russian ships which have been injured as totally disabled. This was seen in the fight of last week, when three cruisers which are believed to have been hit by Japanese shells or torpedoes were counted among those outside the harbor, and it is almost certain that some of the battle-ships which have been injured have been made fit to cruise and fight.———From the war in its land aspects there has been little news of importance this week. The Japanese are intrenching themselves actively on the Korean side of the Yalu River, and it is believed that they are planning to hold the northern boundary of Korea in the last resort, and even if an advance in Manchuria should prove unsuccessful. The Russians are also said to be intrenched upon the northwest bank of the Yalu, but there is no dependable knowledge as to their force, which is variously reckoned as from twenty thousand to seventy-five thousand, while the Japanese are said to have in Korea four full divisions of twenty-five thousand men each. Reports from St. Petersburg on Monday of this week assert that an attempted landing by Japanese troops on the shores of Korea Bay, between Port Arthur and the Yalu River, April 12, was frustrated by the Russians, while Chinese advices of the same day declared that a Japanese fleet of more than seventy transports was heading for Kinchou, north of Port Arthur.

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Verestchagin By a singular fatality, the famous Russian painter of battle scenes, Vassili Verestchagin, was one of the victims of the Petropavlovsk disaster—a tragic subject that would have appealed forcibly to his passion as an artist for depicting the terrible and tragic. It is said that when Verestchagin visited Santiago and saw the wrecked Spanish vessels, he exclaimed: "I must see such a fight as that was before I go, but I must hurry up, for you notice it is getting white," pointing to his beard. Since the battle of Santiago until last week there has been at sea nothing comparable in startling terror to the destruction of the Spanish ships, not even the torpedo-boat assault on the Russian fleet on February 9; and, strangely enough, the artist of war-tragedy was among the lost. Critics differ as to the intrinsic art value of Verestchagin's paintings; his fame and success are due to his fidelity as a reporter of the actualities of war. His work included dozens of paintings and scores of sketches and drawings, the most famous of which dealt with scenes of the Russo-Turkish War and with historical scenes in Napoleon's Russian campaign. Many of these scenes were ghastly and horrible in the extreme. Although he was a naval apprentice in his youth, and then knew Makaroff, whose fate he shared, he had never witnessed a sea-fight, and overcame great official reluctance in his eagerness to be an eye-witness of the naval operations in the present war. Verestchagin's work was well known to Americans through special exhibitions in this country; at the time of his visit

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in 1891 there was a sale of his pictures, rugs, and curios in New York City, and eleven years later a second sale in New York included many valuable war scenes, among which were a few relating to Cuba and the Philippines, as well as some of the best of his Napoleonic pictures; the latter were bought by the Russian Government. Writing of Verestchagin in The Outlook about two years ago, Mr. Charles De Kay said: "Vassili Verestchagin is a war reporter, only he uses big canvases and oil paints, and employs his talents in the path well beaten through literature by Count Tolstoy, and his predecessors and successors in Russia, Germany, and France. A realist, Verestchagin is essentially a man of his time, seeking in his own century the documents to prove the folly of mankind in murdering his fellows for the sake of land grabs and the extension of commerce, or for the mere satisfaction of ambition."

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English Tributes to American Civilization

Notwithstanding the upheaval in English politics and the tone of pessimism which just now runs so strongly through English thought, the English newspapers occasionally contain pleasant reading for Americans. Time was when almost everything American was referred to in England as something to be avoided. From the agitation for the first Reform Act of 1832 until the second Reform Act of 1867 this was markedly so as regards American politics. During this long period the Tory opponents of reform persistently pointed to America, and were full of forebodings as to what would happen in England if the Parliamentary franchise were extended, or there should be any tampering with the aristocratic basis on which the English civil service had been gradually built up. Then came English visitors of the school of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, who went back to England loaded with notes for caricaturing American social life. Later, in the period between the McKinley and the Dingley tariffs, there was a recrudescence of the kind of English criticism of American politics which marked the first half of the nineteenth century. To-day there is very little of this spirit in the English newspapers, and in point of fact it is surprising how much there is in American life and conditions which in these early years of the new century is evoking outspoken and ungrudging admiration in England. To find some examples of this new feeling it is only necessary to watch the local news columns of the Manchester "Guardian." In one week's issues there were reported three lectures on America, all in a spirit of eulogy, and holding up American schools and American workshops as examples to England. The first was by Miss Burstall, head mistress of the High School for Girls at Manchester. In lecturing before the Ancoats Brotherhood, Miss Burstall contrasted the schools in the more progressive American cities with the elementary schools in England. She emphasized what American schools owe to women; told her audience that American schools were admirably equipped; and in contrasting them with the schools at home confessed she was "ashamed to think how many schools there were in England that were sordid, dirty, crowded, and ill ventilated; and in which it was practically impossible for a proper system of education to be carried out." It was the city schools that Miss Burstall visited when she was here; and as she has long been connected with Manchester, it was presumably the elementary schools in the larger towns in the North of England that she had in mind.

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American Workshops and Industrial Schools

The second of the lectures reported in the Manchester "Guardian" was also before the Ancoats Brotherhood, when the lecturer was Mr. Hans Renold, an engineer; and his theme was the workshops of New England. His eulogy of American workshops was as flattering as Miss Burstall's admiration of our schools. He spoke with pleasure of the welcome given him; and emphasized the fact that American workshops were better heated in winter and better ventilated in summer than English, with the result that the comfort and convenience of the workmen was increased, and more work was done. "There is no doubt," he said, "that in American

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workshops there is an absence of the griminess which we all feel in Manchester." The third lecture, also given within a period of nine or ten days, was by Professor M. E. Sadler, at Owen's College. It was on "Learning Through Doing Things;" and was based on a visit made by Mr. Sadler to Tuskegee. But it was not confined to Tuskegee. It embraced American schools in general; and, according to the "Guardian" report, Professor Sadler predicted a great artistic movement in this country. "The American schools," he said, "appear to work in an atmosphere in which there is a greater combination of the artistic with the practical than in England;" "and in this connection," continues the report, "he spoke of the probable development of a great artistic movement, and said that if this did come about, the work in the elementary schools would be largely responsible for it." Nor is it only American schools and workshops that are the subject of such generous commendation in England. A little while ago a work on English constitutional history, written in this country, was published by the University Press at Cambridge; and in the reviews in the English press some surprise and much admiration was expressed that American libraries afforded facilities for such a work, and that these facilities were made so easily available for students. Still another proof of this new attitude towards America is to be found in the fact that in the autumn of this year the members of the British Iron and Steel Institute are to spend a month in this country making a round of the steel plants and ship-building yards. All these expressions of appreciation amount to a practical acknowledgment that many phases of civilization have reached a higher level in America than in England. Even in politics it is being conceded in England that we are advancing. No American President of recent times has stood higher in English estimation than Mr. Roosevelt, and no American Secretary of State than Mr. Hay; and if there is not soon a change in the moral level of English politics, it cannot be long before American politics will reach as high a level as politics in England. Capital may seem to get more than its due in this country and to be strongly intrenched in some of the Legislatures. But England has its vested interests; and since the reaction began in English politics in the early nineties, these vested interests—the landlords, the Established Church, the brewers, and some of the great shipping companies—have been as aggressive in politics and as successful as ever American capitalists have been either in Congress or the State Legislatures.

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The Explosion on the Missouri

It was natural that the loss of thirty-two lives on board the battle-ship Missouri, at Pensacola, should at first be attributed directly to recklessness on the part of the supervising officers. Only a few days before a report had appeared of the remarkable time record of thirty-eight seconds between shots made at Pensacola by the gun crew of the Alabama, and at that time the opinion was generally expressed that rivalry in making a record for the rapid firing of big guns had reached its proper limit, if that limit had not already been passed, and that further tests of this kind would sooner or later inevitably produce terrible disasters. The spirit of emulation in drill and maneuvering is one of the finest qualities of the American navy; and it is due to this spirit in no small degree that our navy was able to win for itself such renown in the war with Spain. Competition in target-firing has led to some surprising records—records, we are informed, that far excel any made elsewhere. There seems to be less imperative reason for encouraging such competition in the matter of the rapid loading of guns, although deftness and rapidity in this direction also have their value in actual service. At all events, it is clear that officers of the war vessels must take the responsibility of keeping such competition within the bounds set by safety and common sense. The general impression, as we have said, after the Missouri explosion, was that the disaster was due to reckless rapid firing; but the reports which have since been made from the officers declare positively that the gun was not being fired with

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special rapidity, and that, in fact, twice as much time elapsed between two discharges of the gun as was recorded in the practice of the Alabama above mentioned. The exact cause of this accident, through which the American navy lost more officers and men than were killed during the entire war with Spain, was probably what is known as a "back fire"—that is, the gun was fired against the wind, and when the breech-block was opened the ignited gases rushed back with such force that other gases in the turret were inflamed, and a frightful combustion and suffocation took place, while the flame was almost immediately communicated to the loading-room below, where there were two thousand pounds more of high explosives. Probably only the heroism of the chief gunner's mate, Monson, and a seaman named Knight saved the ship from complete destruction with all on board; they closed the magazine doors, it is said, just in time, at the imminent risk of their lives, and Knight suffered injuries which resulted in his death. It should be added also in praise that the courage and promptness of the commander and officers and the discipline of the men immediately after the explosion were admirable in every way. It was a 12-inch gun which caused the disaster, and a single charge for this gun weighs 360 pounds. A court of inquiry will of course be held, and every fact bearing on the accident will be closely examined. Until this is done it would be unfair to censure the officers of the ship. It is to be hoped that the inquiry will lead to closer scientific knowledge of the conduct of high explosives in actual service.

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An Important Postal Decision

There is no doubt that the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the cases against the Postmaster-General, instituted respectively by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Smith and others, and Bates & Gill, which was handed down last week, will greatly strengthen the hands of the Government in its dealings with what are popularly called the abuses of the second-class "privilege" of sending periodicals through the mails. The case of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. involved the refusal of the second-class rating to the Riverside Series, which had enjoyed the privilege for sixteen years, the claim of the Post-Office Department being that the series was not a periodical, but only a group of books published at stated intervals, coming properly under the third class of postal matter, which pays eight cents a pound, as against the one cent a pound of second-class matter. The case has been before the courts for a considerable time, and this decision finally and completely sustains the contention of the Postmaster-General. The opinion was delivered by Justice Brown, and a dissenting opinion was given by the Chief Justice and Justice Harlan. The Court admitted that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. had complied with the law of 1879 in all technical respects as to regularity of publication, having an adequate list of subscribers, etc., but held that the contents of the series did not constitute a periodical under the law. Justice Brown said:

> A periodical, as ordinarily understood, is a publication appearing at stated intervals, each number of which contains a variety of original articles by different authors, devoted either to general literature or some special branch of learning or to a special class of subjects. Ordinarily each number is incomplete in itself, and indicates a relation with prior or subsequent numbers of the same series. . . . The reason why books of the Riverside literature series are issued periodically is too palpable to require comment or explanation. It is sufficient to observe that, in our opinion, the fact that a publication is issued at stated intervals under a collective name does not necessarily make it a periodical. Were it not for the fact that they are so issued in consecutive numbers, no one would imagine for a moment that these publications were periodicals, and not books.

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A New Law Needed

The Outlook believes that the decision is a just one as an interpretation of the law of 1879, which was clearly intended to afford a specially low rate of postage to newspapers and magazines in the ordinary acceptation of the term. But The Outlook also believes that the law of 1879 is entirely out of date, and impossible, under the conditions which prevail to-day, of enforcement so that the object of its framers may be equitably applied to all publications. The rulings—or

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interpretations—which are found necessary by the department in determining what publications are entitled to the second-class rating and what publications belong to the third class are so numerous and complicated that forty assistants are kept busy in the office of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General answering questions, recording decisions, and in general dealing with the question of classification. Many errors have necessarily been made by the department, and hardships wholly undeserved have been imposed upon publishers of the highest character and most law-abiding spirit. It is quite time that Congress should take up the whole subject, and so classify mail matter that any postmaster in the smallest town shall be able to decide at once under which rating it belongs. The Outlook has often urged, and again urges, that the whole matter would be made simple, just, and intelligible if Congress should enact that all mail matter should be divided into three classes, viz.:

First: All letters and sealed packages—at the present rate of two cents an ounce.
Second: All printed matter of every kind, sent unsealed—at the present rate of one cent a pound.
Third: All merchandise—at a rate of perhaps eight cents a pound, and an increase in the limit of weight to ten pounds.

The exact rates to be fixed are of course open to discussion. With this law every man, woman, and child in the country could ascertain in half a minute, with a scale, what the postage on any piece or pieces of mail matter would be. And the people and the Government—which is the people personified—would find immense relief from an antiquated and perplexing law.

❀

Good and Bad in New York Legislation

The balance between the good and the bad in the accomplishments of the New York Legislature at its session just closed would be hard to strike. On the one hand, it passed certain important measures. It gave to New York City a somewhat freer hand in dealing with the rapid-transit question, by removing certain restrictions from its financing of subway projects. It resisted attacks on the tenement-house law; it passed the bill which District Attorney Jerome advocated for the summoning of witnesses against rich and powerful gamblers; and it unified the educational department of the State according to a scheme which, though open to political manipulation, promises, under Dr. Draper's leadership, to be highly beneficial. On the other hand, it permitted certain useful bills to die; among the principal ones being the two Bostwick bills for making the taxation of secured indebtedness more rational, and the Elsberg-Newcomb Bill, giving to New York City a liberty it ought to have in dealing with its rapid-transit question, concerning which we comment in another column. It also failed to enact, except in a very unimportant degree, any of the measures for city home rule which were promised at the beginning of the session, and thereby continued the hold of up-State voters upon the affairs which concern primarily the voters of the city. The Legislature also gained an odious notoriety by allowing a number of so-called "grab bills" to pass; before they can become law, however, all of them must meet the approval of the Governor, and some, such as the extension of the franchise of a gas company in New York City, must meet the approval of the Mayor of New York. The most shameful of these bills is that which sacrifices Niagara Falls to the Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Power Company. In this bill there is no restriction as to the amount of water that the Company may take from Niagara River. If the bill is approved, the Company may drain the Falls, and there will be no legal way of preventing it. The utilitarian results that might follow the approval of the bill by the Governor would be as nothing compared with this possible and, considering the usual motives of corporations, probable destruction of the Falls. It is always possible to find utilitarian reasons for ruining any public property, as was instanced in the case of the bill to allow temporary school buildings to be erected in the parks of New York City. Were the utilitarian purposes many times greater than they are in this Niagara bill, Gov-

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ernor Odell would still be under a supreme mandate for vetoing it, for the sake of the preservation of a wonderful work of God. These Falls, marking the boundary between two friendly nations, are the heritage of the world; the total failure of our lawmakers to appreciate the importance of preserving them in all their majesty, shown by the passage of this bill, amounts to an indictment of the entire State for failure to recognize its duties as an international trustee. Surely Governor Odell can be depended upon to prevent the State's being found guilty of the crime charged. That he will fail to veto the bill is unthinkable.

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The Milwaukee Election

The recent municipal election at Milwaukee was marked by several features of special interest—the work of the Voters' League in respect to aldermanic candidates, the division of the reform vote for city officials, the strength displayed by the Socialists, and the success of voting-machines. The Voters' League, we are told, was organized just prior to the primaries; and while its influence was not potent enough at that time to prevent the renomination of two Aldermen, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, who were under indictment for bribe-taking, it is gratifying to note that both were defeated at the polls by candidates whom the League indorsed, while in all nineteen out of thirty-three of the candidates recommended by the League were elected. Similar results were manifest in nearly every ward where aldermanic candidates recommended by the League were either elected or came within a few votes of winning. The reform vote, while largely in the majority, was divided between two candidates, with the usual issue. Both the Republicans and Social Democrats made their campaigns against the Democratic administration, which has been in power for six years. In this they were aided by independent Democrats, and a mass-meeting of the latter was called at which the Hon. Joseph Donnelly, Consul-General to Mexico under President Cleveland, bitterly arraigned Mayor Rose for alleged corrupt and wasteful methods. The result was that a large percentage of the Democratic vote went to Guy D. Goff, Republican candidate for Mayor; but this was more than counterbalanced by the fact that the so-called Republican machine threw its entire support to Mayor Rose—with whom it is alleged to have made common cause for some years past in the matter of "franchise-grabbing," "asphalt," and other matters of public scandal, and by the further fact that several thousand German-Americans in wards that have heretofore been "safely Republican" turned their votes to Victor Berger, the Social-Democratic candidate. Over three thousand ballots were also cast for Wilkie, the Social-Labor candidate; but it is not clear from what source these came, as that party never polled more than three hundred votes at any previous election. The Social Democrats assert that they were intended for them, and that their partisans, many of whom are very ignorant, seeing the word "Social," pulled the wrong lever. The Socialists, taking both classes together, considerably more than doubled the vote cast by them at the last municipal election, and the margin by which they led the Republicans indicates that they have become an important factor in the municipal affairs of Milwaukee. As it is, they elected nine Aldermen to eleven Republicans and twenty-six Democrats; but, as the latter have a clear majority over all, it is not likely that the Socialists will be able to put into effect, during the present term, any of the policies advocated by them. They will, however, vote as a unit under the direction of the party's central committee. Between the Republicans and Socialists there is said to be the most friendly feeling, and throughout the campaign each spoke well of the other's candidates, their respective principles, only, being the subject of mild attack. Reports from Milwaukee all agree that the voting-machines, which were used in every precinct, proved a distinct success. Only one got out of order, and it was quickly repaired; while the voting proceeded rapidly and without confusion, the average time consumed being less than a minute. The polls closed at seven, and the first returns were received seven

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minutes later, the result of the election being generally known throughout the city before eight o'clock.

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A Southern Railroad Case

On the very day on which the Supreme Court of the United States rendered its memorable decision in the Northern Securities case, the State of North Carolina began the making of some legal history on her own account, involving principles of more than local interest. Little mention has been made of the North Carolina decision outside of the State, but for North Carolinians it involves some dramatic situations, and interest in its various phases was absorbing and intense. The Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad runs from Goldsboro to Morehead City. It is a part of a system of railroads once owned by the State, the rest of the system having been leased by the State to the Southern Railway. The Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad is owned partly by the State, partly by private individuals. As the State owns 12,666 shares out of a total of 17,972 shares, the State has a controlling interest, and the control is practically vested in the Governor, who casts the vote of the State's stock at the meeting of the stockholders. The road is conservatively estimated as being worth $1,800,000. While it has not paid a dividend for many years, it has recently shared with the other railroads of the State and of the South in the abounding prosperity of that section of the country. By applying the profits to improvements the condition of the road has been immensely improved during Governor Aycock's administration. The value of the stock has risen from $30 to $50 a share, and a lease which will probably be made in the near future will bring the value of the stock to par. Of course such a property, with such a rapidly increasing value, has been eagerly desired by more than one private individual or corporation. Among those who have attempted to lease the road was Mr. V. E. McBee, formerly General Manager of the Seaboard Railway. His first offer was declined by Governor Aycock. Mr. McBee's next step was, in conjunction with another railroad man, Mr. K. S. Finch, to ask the Federal Court to throw the railroad into the hands of a receiver, on the charge of incompetency in the management of the road. The clerk of the Federal Court of that district was brought to his office at the dead of night to sign the necessary paper, and Messrs. McBee and Finch, with their attorneys, posted off from Raleigh to Norfolk, where Judge Purnell, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for Eastern North Carolina, was holding court. Judge Purnell granted the petition of Finch, who represented himself as a stockholder holding forty-five shares, for a receivership, and McBee was appointed receiver. The first intimation that the Governor or any of the private stockholders had of the receivership was from the papers which printed the order of Judge Purnell. It was instinctively felt throughout the State that this was a reprehensible and high-handed proceeding. The matter was taken into court by Governor Aycock, and it was clearly shown that the receivership proceedings had been farcical. Judge Purnell, who shared with a colleague in a rehearing of the case, expressed himself as being "highly indignant" at the way he had been imposed upon. After some very able and energetic legal proceedings on the part of the State authorities, led by Governor Aycock, Messrs. McBee and Finch have been charged in the criminal court with conspiracy, and will have to be tried before a jury of their fellow-countrymen accused of a crime which is punishable, according to the laws of North Carolina, by a term in the penitentiary.

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The State vs. The Federal Courts

Unfortunately, there is a feeling in North Carolina as well as in many other Southern States that the Federal courts in the South are always on the side of the great corporations and against the people. The Federal judges have nearly all been appointed from the minority party in the South, a party that too often in that section is lacking in available material for the higher offices, and through the equally unfortunate intol-

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erance of the majority party for the minority, because of the race issue, the Federal judge is often out of sympathy with the best interests of the mass of the white population when he takes his seat. The movement for the impeachment of Federal Judge Swayne, of Florida, and the threatened impeachment not long ago of a Federal judge in North Carolina, are indicative of the friction existing between the people of some of the Southern States and the Federal courts. The appointment by President Roosevelt of such men as Judge Jones, of Alabama, and Judge Speer, of Georgia, was a long step in bringing the Federal courts of the South into sympathy with and understanding of the ideas and beliefs of the Southern people. The McBee case in North Carolina is another instance of the clash between the State authorities and the Federal courts, in which the State, happily for its own interests as well as for the ends of justice, appears to have come out victorious. It is not questioned that Judge Purnell, who granted the receivership in favor of Mr. McBee, was imposed upon by misleading allegations. It is, however, asserted, not entirely without reason, that the Federal courts, which in the South are to a large extent the creation of the Republican party, should exercise especial care in proceedings where State rights, a phrase full of suggestion and association to every Southern mind, are involved.

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Professor Egbert C. Smyth

Although naturally of conservative temperament, yet because he stood for liberty in thinking and teaching, Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary, who died on April 12, was by many supposed to be a radical. The "Andover Case" a dozen years ago was a matter for discussion outside of denominational or even church circles. To-day it has passed out of the minds of almost all who were not immediately concerned in it. It resulted from charges brought against five of the professors of Andover Seminary that they taught the doctrine of future probation—a hypothesis rather than a doctrine—which, by the way, has been maintained in every epoch of the Church by men of standing in it. Professor Smyth was called upon to bear the brunt of these charges, for there were ecclesiastical reasons why the plaintiffs preferred not to gain their point against all whom they accused. For nearly seven years Professor Smyth bore the burden that was laid on him, and bore it patiently and with peace. He did not even have the compensation, which some who have been under charges of heresy have had, of enjoying the combat. He was not a controversialist. When the case came to an end in his triumph and that of his colleagues, he allowed without reluctance his name to disappear from popular discussion. While the conflict was still raging about him, and men who laid special claim to the title orthodox were attacking him as an "advanced thinker" who was leading into heresy the students under him, one of those very students described him as "a sixteenth-century theologian." As a matter of fact, Professor Smyth was neither the one extreme nor the other. He was rather the careful and cautious student of academic cast of mind, whose influence was in the direction, not of impulse and spontaneity, but rather of restraint and studiousness, which was made the more impressive by a saintliness of character that men of his own age were wont to liken to that of the disciple whom Jesus loved. Dr. Smyth was a graduate of Bowdoin College, the recipient of honorary degrees from Bowdoin and Harvard, a member of learned societies, and the author of several theological works. He was in his seventy-fifth year at the time of his death. He will be remembered as a scholar; but he ought not to be forgotten either as an example of courageous forbearance, or as a teacher who fulfilled his function not merely by formal instruction but also by the unconscious impartation of his own strong and serene qualities to students within the class-room and without.

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Samuel Smiles

The death, at the great age of ninety-two, of Samuel Smiles will recall to tens of thousands of readers the profit and incentive

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to effort that they have received through his books. While the sophisticated critic may smile at the truisms and aphorisms in such works as Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help," and his less known "Duty," "Thrift," and "Character," it is beyond question that these books have in a large way proved an incentive to character-building. "Self-Help" has been translated, it is said, into seventeen languages, while its publisher, Mr. John Murray, who agreed to bring out the book as a personal favor to Mr. Smiles, and with absolutely no expectation of any profit, lived to see it one of the most remarkable publishing successes of our times, from the commercial point of view; it has sold in hundreds of thousands and is still selling. Mr. Smiles was one of the eleven children of a Scotch physician. His mother was left a widow in his youth, and, we believe, in poor circumstances. He fought his way up to success first as a physician, then as a journalist, then as a railway man, and finally as an author. In addition to books of the kind illustrated best by his "Self-Help," Mr. Smiles did a great deal of miscellaneous literary work. In his "Life of John Murray: a Publisher and His Friends," Mr. Smiles produced one of the most entertaining works of literary reminiscence of our times.

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A Fund for Heroes

There can hardly be two opinions about the wisdom as well as the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's latest act of public beneficence. To recognize heroic actions by suitable commemoration such as the granting of medals; to provide those dependent upon men or women who have lost their lives in heroic effort to save their fellow-men; to provide also, if necessary, for the support of these men or women themselves—nothing could be more truly commendable and desirable as a recognition of the highest qualities of courage and self-devotion. Care is taken that the income of the five million dollars appropriated to this purpose by Mr. Carnegie shall be well administered by a commission of twenty-one men of experience and standing in the community, but no unreasonable or vexatious restrictions are placed upon their use of the fund's income. In Mr. Carnegie's own words, "Whenever heroism is displayed by man or woman in saving human life, the fund applies."

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The Amity Conference

The Conferences held annually at the Amity Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Leighton Williams is pastor, are a unique feature in the church life of New York, and worthy of imitation elsewhere. In their more formal discussions, and in the informal table-talks at the fellowship meal intervening daily between the sessions, they constitute an undenominational exchange for the discussion of Christian mission work of the broadly social religious type. At the fourteenth annual meeting, during the first week in April, among the topics discussed were "The Industrial Revolution and Foreign Missions," "Good Citizenship and Twentieth Century Politics," "Why Not Try Christianity?" "The Gospel as the Solvent of Social Problems," "Deaconess Work in American Methodism." Child labor, the interests of the American Indian, Christian work in the United States army and for prisoners, the public parks and city betterment both in health and morals, had a share in the proceedings. The spiritual uplift of these Conferences is as marked as their breadth of outlook on the social interests of religion.

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Sunday-Schools and Churches

The value of the Sunday-school as a factor in church-extension work appears in the report of the Congregational Sunday-School Society at its seventy-second annual meeting. It is much easier to start a Sunday-school than to form a church, but the tendency of the church to grow out of the Sunday-school is illustrated by the fact that during 1903 over a hundred churches developed out of Sunday-schools planted or fostered by this Society. Nearly five hundred new schools were organized during the year. In many a case the redemption of a heathenish community from lawlessness, immorality, and irreligion begins in the planting of the tree of life in the form of a Sunday-school.

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Chinese Exclusion

The subject of Chinese exclusion has come again before Congress, and ought to come before the American people for serious consideration. The existing treaty between the United States and China, under which the present Chinese Exclusion Law was passed, expires by limitation in December, and the Chinese Government has officially signified its unwillingness to renew its present terms. The history of that treaty is narrated on another page by Mr. Chester Holcombe, who is one of the first of living American authorities on the relations of China and the Chinese to the United States. In conjunction with Mr. Holcombe's article there are two other brief papers—one a piece of classic English literature, the other a remarkable specimen of modern journalism—which we wish our readers might carefully look into. We refer to Lord Macaulay's famous essay on "The Civil Disabilities of the Jews," and to an article in the "North American Review" for March, by a Chinese gentleman and official, who discusses Chinese exclusion from its aspect as "A Menace to America's Oriental Trade."

It may be asked what the exclusion of the Jews from political rights in England in 1831 has to do with America's treatment of the Chinese. There is, however, more of a parallel than might appear at first sight—a parallel which grows more striking as the reader turns over the pages of Macaulay's brilliant, witty, and humane essay.

From the days of the Sand Lot Riots in San Francisco, everything has been done by politicians, and even by certain educators and some political economists, to blacken and distort the reputation of Chinese coming to and living in the United States. Indeed, feelings of fear, contempt, and disgust towards the Chinaman have been so cultivated by various influences that respectable and peace-loving Chinamen have been unable to walk the streets in certain communities without being derided and insulted by the very children among whom they passed. It is said in defense of our political antagonism to the Chinaman that he is not a genuine immigrant; that he does not settle down to make a home; that he never does make and never can make an American citizen; that he despises our customs and manners and maintains his own; that he is clannish and insists on living in communities of other Chinamen; that his sole object is to make enough money to get back to China, there to live in comparative affluence; that he is incapable of learning either to speak or to think in English—in other words, that he is not a human being, as Americans count human beings. All these things in a little different form were said of the Jews in England in the early part of the last century, and Macaulay points out in the following famous passage the falsity of such conclusions:

> If all the red-haired people in Europe had, during centuries, been outraged and oppressed, banished from this place, imprisoned in that, deprived of their money, deprived of their teeth, convicted of the most improbable crimes on the feeblest evidence, dragged at horses' tails, hanged, tortured, burned alive; if, when manners became milder, they had still been subject to debasing restrictions and exposed to vulgar insults, locked up in particular streets in some countries, pelted and ducked by the rabble in others, excluded everywhere from magistracies and honors, what would be the patriotism of gentlemen with red hair? And if, under such circumstances, a proposition were made for admitting red-haired men to office, how striking a speech might an eloquent admirer of our old institutions deliver against so revolutionary a measure! "These men," he might say, "scarcely consider themselves as Englishmen. They think a red-haired Frenchman or a red-haired German more closely connected with them than a man with brown hair born in their own parish. If a foreign sovereign patronizes red hair, they love him better than their own native king. They are not Englishmen; they cannot be Englishmen; nature has forbidden it; experience proves it to be impossible. Right to political power they have none; for no man has a right to political power. Let them enjoy personal security; let their property be under the protection of the law. But if they ask for leave to exercise power over a community of which they are only half members, a community the constitution of which is essentially dark-haired, let us answer them in the words of our wise ancestors, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*."

No one has yet denied the thriftiness, industry, and loyalty to employer of the

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Chinese laborers and servants who have come to the United States. Nobody denies that on the whole they have been law-abiding dwellers in a strange land. Nobody denies that the present horticultural beauty and agricultural prosperity of the State of California are largely due to the initial work of Chinese laborers who performed tasks with patience, skill, and good humor that no other men could be found to perform. By our very laws they are forbidden to become citizens of the country. They cannot be naturalized. They are treated with aversion and with contumely. Why should they not segregate and live by themselves? Why should they eagerly adopt American habits of life?

So much for a brief allusion to the philosophy of the question. The Outlook does not assert that Chinese immigration should be unrestricted—undoubtedly it does need reasonable restrictions—although the danger of "hordes" of Chinese coming into this country—if unrestricted—has been very much exaggerated. The census of 1880, up to which year Chinese had been coming into the country under the general immigration laws without any specific prohibitions, showed that there were only 105,465 Chinese in the United States. We do not think it has ever been clearly proved that Chinese immigration needs any other control than that which is placed by our immigration laws upon general immigration. If the vicious, the diseased, the incompetent, the paupers, and the contract laborers among the Chinese are excluded, as they are under our general immigration laws, it would probably be time enough to deal with the "hordes" of incoming Chinamen when those "hordes" appeared.

This, however, The Outlook admits is a debatable question. China herself has in the past been willing, and is willing now, we believe, to consent to a reasonable exclusion law which shall prohibit the incoming of coolie laborers.

What China objects to, and in the opinion of The Outlook reasonably objects to, is the present harsh, unjust, and unintelligent administration of the law. To be convinced of the truth of these statements it is only necessary to read the article by Mr. Wong-Kai-Kah in the "North American Review," to which we have already referred. Mr. Wong received his education in this country and therefore understands American customs, manners, and feelings, and his ably written article shows that all Chinamen are not incapable of thinking and writing in English admirably. Under the present Exclusion Law, the professed purpose of which is to keep Chinese laborers out of the country, there is a specific exemption clause. Under this exemption Chinese merchants or students or travelers for pleasure and curiosity "can enter this country upon producing an appropriate certificate from their government indorsed by the United States Consul or the diplomatic officer at the port of departure." But what, in effect, does this exemption amount to? A Chinese gentleman who visits the United States under this agreement made between the friendly Government of China and our own is actually treated like a suspicious person and a criminal. He is, as Mr. Wong points out, "detained in the pen on the steamship wharf or imprisoned like a felon until the customs officials are satisfied." The absurd red tape and the almost brutal literalism of some of our minor customs officials are well known to home-coming American travelers. To what unjust extremes their interpretation of the law is sometimes carried is typically illustrated by the story which Mr. Holcombe tells in his paper of the Chinese baby that was excluded in San Francisco when the father and mother were legally entitled to enter.

Chinese merchants who by a special commissioner sent to China have been invited to attend the St. Louis World's Fair must submit to a physical examination under what is known as the Bertillon system of identification—a scientific method of identifying criminals by the accurate measurement and inspection of the naked body. They must be photographed exactly as arrested lawbreakers are photographed for the rogues' gallery. Some of the Chinese merchants, students, and travelers for pleasure, who are now treated and will

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be treated the coming summer in this way, are graduates of Yale, Amherst, and other colleges and universities. What would a civil engineer, a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, say if, on going to China to help erect a great railway bridge built by contract with an American private firm, he were kept overnight in a cage on a Chinese Ellis Island, stripped to the skin, measured, photographed, and cross-questioned by a lot of Chinese officials who neither desired nor endeavored to conceal their contempt for him? Such treatment of an American citizen would fill our newspapers with articles about Chinese barbarism and the necessity, in order to save Christian civilization to the world, of teaching the heathen Chinese something about the refinements of Occidental customs and manners.

Aside from the inhumanity and the false philosophy and ethics of treating Chinese visitors to the United States as we do treat them, there is something inexpressibly absurd and stupid in it all. The American is supposed—or at least supposes himself—to be one of the shrewdest merchants, traders, and business men in the world. We hear a great deal said nowadays about the splendid future which lies before the great American Republic in the development of our Oriental trade. Our editors, our stump speakers, and our Congressmen and Senators are forever painting glowing pictures of the development of our transcontinental railways, our trans-Pacific steamship lines, and our Californian and Oregonian seaports—are forever depicting the vast industrial enterprises in store for us in the development of our factories, our wheat-fields, and our cattle ranches when we shall begin to supply the Orient with American foodstuffs and American manufactures. And what is the Orient? Practically, China. A Broadway merchant who should advertise in all the morning papers, urging customers from the State of New Jersey to visit his "emporium" to find there the most beautiful goods and the most tempting bargains, and who should stand at the doorway of his place of business and insist that every "Jerseyman" must pass an examination before he can enter, must listen to the latest newspaper jokes at the expense of his State, and must be examined by an entomologist in order to prevent his introducing any malaria-bearing mosquitoes, could not be doing any more insane thing from a business point of view than the people of the United States are now doing in urging China to buy American goods and then, in effect, browbeating and insulting any Chinese merchant who comes in response to the invitation.

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The Fear of Municipal Socialism

Shall the city be the driver and the street railroads be the team, or shall the street railroads be the driver and the city be the team? In other words, is the city to be regarded as the master of an estate who employs certain agents, at high remuneration, to do what he believes is for the best interests of the estate, or is the city to be regarded merely as the estate itself which offers special inducements for men who have the means to invest capital in it, to develop it, and become to a degree its owners? Is the city a person, or is it only a thing? A person can improve himself; a thing can only be improved. A person is free to make mistakes; a thing at the worst can only be misused.

It is the conflict between these two conceptions of municipality that has been in existence ever since the first municipal franchise was granted, and has been especially discernible in recent legislation in New York and Illinois. By that Chicago has become very much of a person, but the city of New York still remains to some degree a thing. Last week we described the result of the Mueller law and the referendum. Chicago can now do what it thinks best with its methods of transportation. It can engage one man to lay tracks and another to run cars upon them. Or it can lay the tracks and run the cars itself. New York City, on the other hand, has been denied this privilege. In constructing rapid-transit facilities, which in the future are to be put principally underground, it is limited

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by what contractors are willing to do. The State Legislature has just adjourned without giving the city liberty to build and operate its own subways.

The present law, slightly modified by the recent Legislature, gives the city liberty to say at what price the subways can be built. That is a great deal better than no liberty at all. As a matter of fact, it is all the liberty the city really could have exercised until now. The subway which is now nearing completion was constructed on terms which, under the conditions, must be regarded as advantageous. The company which is building it has borrowed the city's money, and in turn has given bond. It has been required to agree to operate the subway—or, if it disposes of its rights, to transfer them to a company which will operate the subway—for fifty years. During that period it pays an annual rent (toward which the interest on its bond is to be counted), and at the end of the period it must pay its debt and turn over the subway to the city. This is an arrangement advantageous both to the company and the city, and no one can regret it. One might ask, What more could be required? The city lends its money, receives its interest in the form of rent, is repaid at the end of fifty years, and has a subway to boot. That would be possibly a satisfactory plan to be adopted as a permanent policy if subways were limitless; but transportation, even underground, in a particular direction is a monopoly, and it is more than conceivable that the operation of a few such subways would mean the control of the entire transportation of the city's inhabitants to and from their work. To give over such control to one or two companies is costly at any price. And yet New York City, if it is to have more subways under the present law, has no choice but to sell that control. For it cannot make a contract for the building of a new subway except with a company that will at the same time contract to equip and operate the subway for not less than thirty-five years. Such a contract can be made only by a concern that has immense resources. As a matter of fact, there are only two companies in New York that are at all likely to undertake such a contract, and each of them already controls a large part of the city's transportation facilities. To either one or the other of these the city must turn over both the building and operating of any new subway. It has no choice.

Before the Legislature, which is now adjourned, there was a bill, called the Elsberg-Newcomb Bill, providing that the city could make separate contracts for building and for operating; could, indeed, divide the process of building among several contractors; and, if it deemed it profitable, could even build or operate, or build and operate, subways itself. The bill was strangled in committee for fear it might grow into a giant of municipal Socialism. Staid newspapers, like the New York "Times" and the New York "Globe," became nervous at the thought of the harm the city might do to itself if it was released from the protecting hand of a money-making syndicate. The city, it was said, might be lured into building an unnecessary subway which would not pay for itself. The awful thought of empty cars with dangling, unoccupied straps was too much for the conservative minds of legislators, and they hastened the bill to its doom. They apparently forgot the alarming fact of municipal Socialism already prevalent in New York, which paves and cleans its own streets and maintains free schools. The fear of municipal Socialism, like many another superstition, fortunately, is not consistent, for if it were there are many editors, lawyers, legislators, and, by no means least, financiers, who would start at the sight of a public-school building, and run from every gang of workmen opening a new street.

The time was when public franchises were given for the asking—the effectual asking. Then they were given provided the askers kept the streets between the tracks in order. At last the franchises were sold, the price, token of Socialism, going into the city treasury. Then the franchises were simply lent, to be returned to the city. The time has already come now when cities are beginning to wonder whether they are not as capable of controlling a highway

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which moves as well as a street on which people may move. Boston started to build its own subway before it arranged for the operation of the subway. Chicago has now claimed the right to say whether it shall lease its means of transportation or manage them itself. New York can also have its liberty as soon as it recognizes that such liberty is worth exercising.

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From the Southern Standpoint

Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy's "Problems of the Present South," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, is a book of National importance. Not since the close of the Civil War, and therefore not since the South began to deal with its present problems, has there been a contribution of such importance to a clear understanding of those problems as that which Mr. Murphy has made. A Southerner, devotedly attached to his section, intimately acquainted with it, appreciating to the full the quality and charm of its old ideals, but thoroughly in touch with the modern movements which are modifying those ideals, Mr. Murphy is pre-eminently qualified to speak of the South and for the South. His discussion is candid, sympathetic, and Christian. It fills in the historical background and gives the perspective in dealing with Southern conditions which have been so conspicuously lacking in the philippics of politicians and the discussions of newspapers North and South. "It is one of the incredibilities of history," writes Mr. Murphy, "that in the world's discussions of the South the occasional victories of impatience should loom so large, and that the South's far greater victories of magnanimity should loom so small;" that the shrill voice of the partisan and the fanatic should drown the deep and moderate tones of the statesman and the true reformer.

Mr. Murphy's book confirms the impressions of Southern conditions and problems which The Outlook has been urging upon its readers for several years past. He brings into the field, without too prolonged description, those revolutionary changes through which the South has passed within the memory of a generation: the vast devastation of war, the annihilation of property, the violent wresting of government from the hands of the trained classes, their disfranchisement, the sudden elevation of a group of men who had been field-hands and day-laborers, and upon whom, with a cruelty as terrible as it is pathetic, the vast burdens of education, intelligence, and trained responsibility were suddenly thrown. The injustice done to the white man by this inversion of all true principles of statesmanship was frightful, but the injustice done to the negro was still more appalling. The South fought with superb courage; and, after the manner of men of courage, accepted defeat frankly and finally. No country except the Netherlands has suffered more from war than did the South during the Civil War; and its heaviest burdens came, not during the period of destruction by arms, but during the period of disorganization miscalled Reconstruction. It was then that the deepest wounds were made, the most terrible burdens imposed, the fiercest animosities awakened. Mr. Murphy compares the course adopted by the Confederate soldiers after General Lee's surrender with the course taken by the army of the Commonwealth on the return of Charles II.; that heroic band of men which had become practically invincible, against which the splendid charges of Prince Rupert's cavalry had been hurled in vain, which had executed one king and driven another into exile, and of which Cromwell himself was obliged to take heed, remained in silence as Charles II. passed them in review, and quietly went back to their fields and their shops again to carry into civil life the superb training which they had gained in war. This, Mr. Murphy tells us, was the attitude of the Southern soldiers when they turned their faces homeward to homes which had been desolated and to a future which seemed hopeless.

The North ought to understand the magnificent courage which the South showed in the years after the war, and it ought to appreciate the necessary burdens which were laid upon t' at cour-

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age by the rejection of the statesmanlike policy of Lincoln and the adoption of the partisan policy of the men who used a great victory, not for the purposes of reknitting severed ties, but of still further punishing those who had lost.

It was out of such conditions as these that the New South emerged. In the decade between 1880 and 1890, Mr. Murphy tells us, the capital invested in the manufacture of cotton increased from $22,000,000 to $113,000,000, and the number of cotton-mills from 180 to 412. Since 1900 the number of those mills has passed 900, and has doubled within a period of three years. In no section of the country is economic progress more rapid to-day than in the States south of the Mason and Dixon line, and in no section is the industrial outlook for the future more prosperous and stimulating.

Of the enthusiasm for education which has grown up in the last few years in many parts of the South The Outlook has many times spoken, regarding it as distinctly one of the most encouraging signs of the times, and as substituting National for sectional interests and feelings. This renaissance of educational interests involves something more than the freshening of school methods, the multiplication of schools, the advance of educational standards; it is significant of the reawakened intellectual and spiritual life of a great part of the country. It means that the New South has come to self-consciousness, to a realization of its possibilities, its opportunities, and the new ideals which are to take their place side by side with the old ideals, and which are to shape the Southern character of the future. To that movement Mr. Murphy gives large attention, for he has himself borne no unimportant share in it.

What he has to say about the negro question is of special importance; for never was a question presented to a people which demanded greater dispassionateness, larger knowledge, and, above all things, the patience, the consideration, and the sympathy that come from knowledge. The negro problem is from every point of view one of the greatest perplexity and the most menacing proportions. Only the ignorant or the passionate will present any quick remedy, any sure panacea; all those who know anything about the question at first hand know that a long period of time, great patience, and an immense amount of character-building will be involved in the settlement of that question. Mr. Murphy does not complain because there has been so much criticism in the North of the Southern attitude on this question; he does complain, however, and with justice, that the North, instead of criticising the wrongs in the South, criticises the South itself, without discrimination and therefore without intelligence. He quotes at length a noble utterance of the late Dr. Curry, one of the leaders of the educational movement and one of the foremost Southern men of his generation. Speaking at Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy, four years ago, Dr. Curry said:

> Slavery cursed the South with stupid, ignorant, uninventive labor. The curse in large degree remains. The policy of some would perpetuate it and give a system of serfdom degrading to the negro, corrupting to the employer. The negro is a valuable laborer; let us improve him and make his labor more intelligent, more skilled, more productive. . . . Shall the Caucasian race, in timid fearfulness, in cowardly injustice, wrong an inferior race, put obstacles to its progress? Left to itself, away from the elevating influence of contact and tuition, there will be retrogression. Shall we hasten the retrogression, shall we have two races side by side, equal in political privileges, one educated, the other ignorant? Unless the white people, the superior, the cultivated race, lift up the lower, both will be inevitably dragged down. Look at these roses on this platform. They have been developed from an inferior plant by skilled culture into gorgeous American Beauties. So it is with other flowers and fruits; so with animals, and so it is with men. Eight hundred years ago our ancestors were pirates, careless of laws either of God or man; and yet, by culture and education and discipline and free institutions and liberty of worship, they have been made the people that they are to-day. God's throne is justice and right and truth. Unseat him from that throne and he becomes a demon; and so will sink our Southern civilization into infamy if we are guilty of cruelest injustice to an inferior race, whom God has put into our hands as trustees for their elevation and improvement and for his glory.

This, Mr. Murphy urges, is the attitude of the responsible South—the South

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which will ultimately settle the race question—which feels toward that race the deepest sense of responsibility, and which needs and ought to have the moral reinforcement of Northern sympathy and thought. In the face of the present outbreak of race feeling, which has shown itself nowhere more offensively or unintelligently than in the hasty action of the Legislature of Kentucky in arbitrarily decreeing the separation of the races at Berea College, and of many outbreaks of passion and violence throughout the South, Mr. Murphy declares that the real mind of the South is to be found in the deep sense of responsibility of the white toward the black. There is a distinct assumption, he declares, of the negro's inferiority; but there is also a distinct assumption of the negro's improvability; and it is upon this double assumption that the South finds its obligation. What is needed is larger intelligence, and the patience which would come from it, and more confidence and sympathy from the North while this problem is being worked out; a recognition of the fact that to-day the negro is not fitted for the responsibilities that have been laid upon him; and, in the South, a fuller and clearer sense of responsibility toward a race that needs and must have education, and a clearer and deeper recognition of the fact that no race relations can be settled except upon lines of justice and kindness. If the North can be brought to see that the negro has been pushed too far and too hard, that responsibilities have been laid upon him which he could not discharge, and which have brought, therefore, the greatest disaster to him and to the section in which he lives; and if the South can be brought to see that, even conceding the present inferiority of the negro, he has rights and privileges as definite as those possessed by a superior race; that no race under American institutions, or for that matter in modern times, can be condemned as a race to burden-bearing and servility, that the gates of education must be open so that every race shall have a chance of showing its quality, we shall have gone a long way toward the settlement of this most perplexing question.

Waiting on the Lord

A large part of being a Christian consists in waiting patiently and cheerfully while the Lord does his work and carries out his purposes in the world. Many people assume that waiting on the Lord means keeping up courage and hope until some personal problem is solved, some personal difficulty removed, some personal grief consoled. It means all these things, and it means a great deal more: it means quiet, faithful, courageous living in this world in which our lot is cast. For the most comfortably placed people, as for the most unfortunate, life is a very difficult matter. To be entirely at home in this world and perfectly comfortable in it one must be without thought, feeling, or sight. "Life is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel" is an aphorism which conveys only a half-truth. To those who think in any real way life is never a comedy; the touch of tragedy is always on it; while to those who feel, if they are waiting on the Lord, it is never entirely a tragedy. To all men, without regard to conditions, it is full of perplexity, anxiety, trouble, and sorrow; to all women, however happily placed, it brings heavy burdens, lonely hours, deep disappointments, passionate regrets. Those who live in pleasant gardens, walled against the world, do not escape the cries of anguish that rise out of the world and cannot be shut out; those who climb with steady step the paths of reputation and eminence constantly come upon those who have fallen by the way. Bolt the doors as we may, sorrow and death knock at them, and the immortal strength of love itself cannot keep them shut.

There are those who try to escape the sorrows of life by withdrawing from contact with their fellows, by taking refuge in the Absolute; but their path is a solitary one, and takes them away from their fellows; they miss the searching and profoundly moral education which comes only from passing through the experiences of life, and is lost if those experiences are evaded; and as the result of saving one's self without trying to save one's fellows, the men who take

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this course become, as a man of deeply religious mind has lately said, dehumanized; they lose sensitiveness of feeling for others, quickness of sympathy, the passion of helpfulness.

There are those, too, who seek not to minimize but to obliterate care and anxiety and sorrow from life by denying their existence and treating them as illusions. There is much fear in the world where no fear ought to be; there are many whose lives are overshadowed by apprehension, who snatch only "a fearful joy" from the happiest hours, who are devitalized and blighted physically by unwholesome mental conditions. In a world of God's making there is no place for fear, although there is ample place for uncertainty; in such a world there is no reason for that depression of mind which casts a gloom over the world and robs the body of the vitality which ought to flow from the mind.

But while all this is true, it is also true that there is no real escape in denying the existence of realities of universal experience, of shutting one's eyes to actual conditions. The brave man wants to know and face the worst; the profoundly religious spirit cannot rest satisfied in any interpretation of life which does not include all the facts. Nothing is gained by shutting the eyes to disagreeable things; the resolute, open-eyed facing of things as they are is the first step towards rational faith.

We are here to face, to bear, to endure the experiences of our humanity and fashion ourselves more and more in the image of God by the searching, exacting, deep-going education of life. Doubt, uncertainty, the sense of helplessness in the presence of tremendous forces which we cannot master, disappointment, loss, suffering, and death, are all means and methods of this education. To escape from the play of these experiences would involve the loss of that discipline which is the very basis of education. If the great sorrows of life pass us by, we go through them vicariously, if we have heart, imagination, or sympathy, in the experience of others. A vast company of struggling, burdened, sorrowful men and women surrounds us, and we cannot sit in peace and comfort by our own firesides without thinking of them and feeling with them in our heart of hearts. No palace of art has been built which has shut out the vision of the sorrowful world; when the Christ came, he was acquainted with grief, and his sinlessness was shadowed by the sin of the world. We are beset with mysteries which we are powerless to dissipate, with problems which we cannot solve, with the burdens of a universe which we understand in part, but the greater part of which is hidden by clouds and darkness.

These are the conditions of our mortality, but they are also the evidences of our immortality. If we could comprehend the universe with our present capacity of understanding, how limited it would be! If we could sound the depths of love, how the glory would fade from life! If we saw the end of the road, how insignificant would be the journey! The universe sweeps immeasurably beyond our vision because it was divinely fashioned and is divinely moved to ends which involve infinity and eternity; the education of life is severe, exacting, inexorable, because we are being trained for work and peace and growth beyond the utmost reach of thought; we are beset with mysteries because we see but a little section of the great highway along which we travel; we are involved in a disordered society because men are being slowly trained out of animalism into spiritual freedom and power; we are perplexed and burdened with mysteries because we live but a day at a time in an eternal existence.

To be hopeful in our ignorance, patient under our burdens, at peace in the war of elements, faithful to our little work without the help of the vast plan, cheerful in our sorrows when their meaning is hidden from us, obedient to laws which we do not understand, of good heart when silence and solitude and loneliness are our portion—this is to wait on the Lord; to wait until we understand the plan, the sorrow, the pain, the burden, the loneliness, the deep shadow of death.

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The Restriction of Chinese Immigration[1]

By Chester Holcombe

Formerly Secretary of the American Legation at Peking, and member of the Chinese Immigration Commission of 1880

WITHOUT giving a detailed history of the earlier stages of Chinese immigration, it ought to be said that for years it was gladly welcomed and even enthusiastically encouraged. It furnished a class of labor which was greatly needed in the States and Territories bordering upon the Pacific. By means of it the construction of transcontinental railway lines, which brought the two coasts of the continent into close and intimate relationship, and the industrial development of the western half of the interior, were hastened by many years. No words of praise were then too generous to express the appreciation of the value of "Chinese cheap labor." In 1867 a clause was inserted in a treaty then made between the United States and China, in which the Emperor, for the first time in the long history of that ancient race, recognized the inalienable right of every human being to change his domicile and national allegiance at his pleasure. This concession was granted upon the motion of our Government, because the Chinese authorities had for many centuries discountenanced and forbidden the emigration of their subjects, and had imposed the death penalty upon any who might violate the Imperial statute and, by returning later, come within the reach of the executioner. It was feared that this law, unrepealed and long unenforced, would be revived and a stop put to the passage of Chinese to our shores. Hence, and in the most formal manner, his Imperial Majesty was bound to attempt no such interference.

Later, as the immediate demand for labor in railway construction was lessened by the completion of a line across the continent, as mining ceased to be carried on in rude and primitive methods by individual enterprise and fell into the hands of large corporations, as other vocations and industries were opened, when the Pacific slope assumed form and shape as an organized and settled region, and especially when crowds of other laborers, mostly alien, flocked thither, an attempt was made to crowd the Chinaman out of the field. As is well known, the agitation against his coming to this country originated upon the "sand lots" of San Francisco. And Dennis Kearney was the leading knight in the crusade. Admittedly a worthless loafer, a nuisance and pest to the community, he none the less succeeded in securing a large and dangerous following of men either like himself, or who, newly arrived in a free land, ignorant of the wholesome and necessary limitations to liberty, were easily led to denounce and persecute others, alien like themselves, whose rights here were equal to their own. Local circumstances operated largely in their favor. The city government and police force, notoriously corrupt and inefficient, were far less interested in enforcing laws against various forms of vice and for the preservation of health and order than in winking at willful or ignorant violations of statutes and ordinances by the Chinese and levying blackmail therefor. There was at the time in San Francisco what may be termed a congestion of immigrants from across the Pacific, which might have been removed by simple and kindly methods, or would have cured itself by a natural process. The Chinese race is naturally industrious and frugal of time as well as money. It is not the material of which loafers are made, in any country or climate, as well-established facts prove. And, as will be seen, this has been in reality one of the most serious and persistent charges against it. The Chinese came to this country in search of work, and, failing to find what they sought in San Francisco, they would look elsewhere for it. When the crusade against them began, practically the entire mass of immigrants from the Far East

[1] See editorial comment elsewhere.

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was landed at that one port. Lonely, homesick, ignorant of our language, laws, customs, and rules of life, eagerly seeking something to do, yet not knowing what that something might be or where to look for it, strangers in a strange land in the most emphatic sense of the phrase, what could they do but herd with their fellows who were earlier arrivals, accept any scraps of labor that might be offered, and in some few cases—only a few—crowd into places that others could have better filled? A little wise guidance and gentle coercion at that time would have relieved San Francisco of all excess of Chinese, and been of the utmost value to every part of the great West, which was hampered and hindered in material progress by an absolute dearth of the very sort of help which they, of all alien races, were best qualified to give.

It is not to be denied that some of them brought vicious habits from Asia, and soon acquired others from their association with other foreigners and with native-born Americans. But the worst of them were not more objectionable additions to our population than many whom we accept from the slums and sinks of foulness in Europe, admit to citizenship and even elect to office, nor were they lower in the scale of humanity than some of the products of our own centers of vice. The most hopelessly vicious and irredeemable specimens of beastliness in the form of man must be sought, not in heathen Asia, but in so-called Christian Europe and America. And, speaking squarely to the fact, the crusade against the Chinese, as planned and carried on, has never been based upon their evil habits and practices, but upon their industry. Little cared Dennis Kearney and his followers for Chinese wickedness. It was Chinese work that he denounced. The writer once attended a mass-meeting called in Cooper Union, New York, to urge the passage of a most drastic Chinese Exclusion Act, then pending in Congress. The great hall was closely packed with laboring men, the great majority of whom were evidently of foreign birth, who were addressed by some half-dozen local labor leaders, each of whom spoke with a distinct and decided brogue. These vied with one another in vilifying John Chinaman, accusing him of all the crimes and infamies in the catalogue, and demanded his expulsion from the United States. This was the sole burden of speech of all but the last. He, a stalwart, brawny Irishman, having a bright and intelligent face, said, in substance, that he did not know nor care whether the Chinese were worse than other men. "But," said he, "The Choinaman wurrks all the toime, and we don't want any men in this counthry who will wurrk all the toime." The audience had shown no particular interest in the vilification of the Chinese, but the applause which greeted this declaration was prolonged and deafening. The speaker had at last given utterance to the real objection which his fellow-workmen had to Chinese competition.

Thus, the question is, in fact, not one of comparative virtue or vice, but of rivalry for the practical control of the labor market. It should be examined and decided as such by the intelligent and patriotic voters of the Republic. Any legislative action taken by the National or a local government ought to have been based upon that premise. It surely cannot be consistent with either sound statesmanship, good politics, or a wise regard for the best interests of the people as a whole, to decide a question of such broad range and vital importance upon a false assumption, or to accept the dictation of any one class of labor for the exclusion of any other. A large and important section of the country has suffered for years, and will suffer for years to come, from the evil effects of a labor monopoly. The Southern States have not, and will not, receive their much-needed share of industrial immigration because all forms of manual work are to a large extent in the hands of the negroes. While the United States cannot afford to allow Chinese labor to drive out that which may come from Europe, it also cannot wisely allow the latter to enforce the exclusion of that which is disposed to come from the Far East. To exclude neither, but strictly to regulate and limit both, with an equal hand, is manifestly the only wise course.

The question was forced into partisan

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politics. First, in San Francisco, Dennis Kearney and his gang—they deserve no better title—secured so large a following among the lowest class of voters that it became necessary to reckon with them, and to accept their dictation, if any hope were to be entertained of carrying the municipal elections. Soon the Chinese, having no votes, had no friends. The leaders of the two great parties took up the rallying cry, "The Chinese must go," and rivaled each other in protestations of enmity to all forms of Oriental labor. Merchants either hung signs in the windows of their places of business, declaring that they employed no Asiatic help, or advertised the same declaration, often false, in the daily papers. Men of commanding ability and position found, or imagined, it to be in their interest to join in the senseless hue and cry, which they knew to be unjust, unwise, and uncalled for. Thus the entire city surrendered to the arrogant dictation of the Sand Lot crowd, in disregard of their own sense of wisdom, justice, and fair play. Those who employed Chinese in any form of labor were satisfied and pleased with them, in many cases could confessedly find no other equally good, and their home comfort or business interests, or both, must suffer if they ceased to employ them. But this went for nothing. Dennis Kearney had spoken, and the best and wisest people in San Francisco surrendered to the worst and most ignorant.

Once in politics, the growth of the agitation from a purely local question to a State and then a National crusade was natural and, under partisan conditions upon the Pacific coast, inevitable. California and Oregon were unknown and extremely doubtful quantities, sometimes casting their votes in favor of one and then of the other of the two great parties. Though none of the leaders of either had any genuine sympathy with Chinese exclusion, the cry was taken up by each in the effort to secure the vote of those States, and soon the question grew to such importance as to be given a "plank" in the National platform of each. There was no statesmanship, but any amount of petty politics, in the movement. Coupled with this growth, or rather with the fruit of it, municipal ordinances and State legislation, aimed solely at the Chinese and calculated to harass them and to drive them out of the country, were passed. Bills were introduced into Congress having the same object in view. But just here the crusade met with its first serious check. The objects of all this tirade and persecution had learned some of their rights, and showed a determination to defend themselves. Whenever an attempt was made to enforce any of these discriminating and abusive acts, the matter was carried into the courts and pushed if necessary to the tribunal of final resort, where the acts were invariably decided to be unconstitutional and hence invalid. In one notable case it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that even Congress had no power to limit or interfere with the free immigration of the natives of China, excepting under statutes, already in existence, which provided for the exclusion of diseased, incompetent, criminal, and pauper aliens of any nationality. It appeared then that the treaty stipulation, already described, by which the Emperor of China bound himself not to interfere with the voluntary immigration of his subjects to this country, was a two-edged sword, cutting with equal keenness in both directions. While it forbade him to prevent their departure from his territory, it also hindered Congress from taking any action to prevent their entrance into ours.

Thus a halt was called to the crusade, and such was the status of the movement for the exclusion of the Chinese in the winter of 1879–80. A Presidential election was to be held in November of the last-named year. The result was likely to be doubtful, and it was of the utmost importance to each of the two great parties to secure the electoral votes of California and Oregon. Under these circumstances the Republican leaders planned a master stroke of policy. A bill was prepared and submitted to Congress directing the appointment of certain Special Commissioners who were to proceed to Peking and there to negotiate such a modification of our treaties with China as would permit of

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legislation restrictive of the influx of Chinese laborers. While the Democrats grumbled somewhat at the march thus stolen upon them, none ventured to oppose the bill, and it was promptly passed. A most liberal appropriation was made for the salaries and contingent expenses. The Commissioners were at once appointed and summoned to Washington. Upon arrival they were furnished with elaborate, and impracticable, instructions concerning the "likin tax" and "transit pass" questions, which were widely outside of the object of their special mission, would require years of study and then still be beyond comprehension, and which they were not expected to touch. The subject of Chinese immigration was not discussed with them by either President or Secretary of State. It was not even mentioned, beyond the remark, made as they were taking leave and setting out upon their long journey, that instructions upon that most important subject were not quite ready, but would overtake them at San Francisco. They delayed a week in that city, and, when upon the point of sailing, received, in response to an inquiry by telegraph, directions to proceed and await their instructions in Japan. The same inquiry and response were repeated while they were in Yokohama. They reached China in July, but remained upon the coast until the end of September, awaiting instructions which never came. The only word of advice or direction of any sort which they received during their absence from the United States, bearing upon the object of this special mission or upon any other subject, consisted of a single line which covered and called their "attention to the planks of the two great political parties upon the subject of Chinese immigration which had been adopted at the National Conventions held in June of this year." The Commissioners were left to draw their own conclusions from the strange and unexpected silence, and the reader is left to do the same. Two objects were accomplished by the appointment of this Commission. Republican orators upon the Pacific coast, during the Presidential campaign, were enabled to "point with pride to the efficient measures taken by their party to open the way for the exclusion of the vast hordes of pauper Chinese from our shores." California and Oregon went Republican.

And a treaty, conceding all that the Commissioners guessed—they had no better means of knowledge—would be thought necessary by our Government, was successfully negotiated and signed in Peking. The members of the Chinese Cabinet had been informed in advance of the appointment of these special envoys, and the object of their long journey. And they entered at once, with equal frankness and courtesy, upon the discussion of the desired concession. They said that they could not understand why the Government of the United States should be in any way or measure embarrassed by the presence of Chinese laborers in the country, who, both by treaty provisions and the long-established policy of the Government, had equal rights and privileges there with alien laborers of any other nationality. If, so long as they were orderly and attending quietly to their own business, they were made the victims of mob violence or any other form of wrong, the Government of China had full trust in the good faith and power of the United States to protect the subjects of his Imperial Majesty, and to inflict just punishment where it was merited. Upon the other hand, if Chinese subjects, resident in the United States, were guilty of any offense against the laws of the land, they should, and doubtless would, be properly dealt with. At the same time, they added, while they were unable to understand or appreciate the declaration that the presence of a large number of their people in our land as wage-earners could be a source of trouble or embarrassment to the Government, they accepted it as made in good faith, and were entirely ready to consider any reasonable modifications of existing treaties which might be proposed. Thus generously and courteously were our Commissioners met, and, without exception or unnecessary delay, every concession which they asked was readily granted. A new treaty was negotiated and signed, by the terms of which the Government

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of the United States was made free to regulate, limit, or suspend temporarily the immigration of Chinese laborers. All other Chinese subjects—merchants, students, and travelers being specifically named—were free to go and come at their pleasure, and all classes of Chinese, while in this country, were to receive full privileges and immunities accorded to citizens or subjects of the most favored nation.

This treaty, unexpected and perhaps undesired by the Government at Washington, was displaced by another in 1894. By the terms of the latter the coming of all Chinese laborers to the United States was absolutely prohibited for a term of ten years, and whenever the question of the right of entry was raised in any case, the burden of proof was placed upon the Chinese. That is to say, each would-be immigrant must prove to the satisfaction of the proper authorities that he is not a laborer before he is permitted to land upon our shores. This treaty has recently, and wisely, been denounced by China, and hence will expire by limitation in December of the current year.

It is difficult to speak of the legislative enactments touching Chinese immigration, and the various regulations for their enforcement, with any suitable degree of moderation or patience. They bear but faint likeness and the most remote relationship to the treaties which give them a legal existence. China gave us an inch and we have taken an ell. In a matter which closely touched her pride and *amour propre*, she courteously and readily yielded to our request, for which she could see no occasion, and made a concession for which nothing was given in return. It curtailed the privileges and interfered with the perfectly honest and praiseworthy desires of her own people. It may be that our National legislators and executive officers have misinterpreted her complaisance and good nature as a careless indifference and lack of concern. If so, they have made a serious mistake. The persistence with which the Chinese authorities have fought case after case in our courts ought to make this plain. The Chinese, both government and people, have been surprised and at times indignant at the course we have taken in this matter—the one foul spot in the otherwise clean record of fair dealing with them—but have said little, partly because they are naturally patient as well as sensitive, and partly because they were unwilling to risk the loss of our friendship. But our unfair treatment of China in this business will some day return to plague us.

Entirely aside from the cavalier and insulting manner with which we have dealt with China, and the inevitably injurious effect upon our relations and interests there, it must be said that our action has been undignified, unworthy of any great nation, a sad criticism upon our sense of power and ability to rule our affairs with wisdom and moderation, and unbecoming our high position among the leading governments of the world. What great power, easy and assured in a well-established position, confident of its authority and skilled in the management of large affairs of state, able and willing to grant and to exact fair consideration and even-handed justice in all its relations, would stoop to enact and enforce such petty, childish, and harassing regulations upon a few aliens within its borders who had been guilty of no offense against the laws? We have treated Chinese immigrants—never more than a handful when compared with our population—as though we were in a frenzy of fear of them. We have forsaken our wits in this question, abandoned all self-control, and belittled our manhood by treating each incoming Chinaman as though he were the embodiment of some huge and hideous power which, once landed upon our shores, could not be dealt with or kept within bounds. Yet, in point of fact, this same simple-minded, poverty-stricken but industrious Chinaman has been guilty of no wrong towards us and meditates none. He simply comes here desiring to exchange his labor for a very moderate portion of our money. And he is far more easily kept in bounds and held obedient to law than some immigrants from Europe.

Without undertaking any detailed criticism of the statutes, the interpretation

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of them by judicial and executive officers, or of the regulations enforced upon Chinese immigrants, two or three cases may be given by way of illustration. A Chinese merchant of San Francisco made a visit to his old home in Canton, and, while there, married. Upon returning to this country his wife was forbidden to land. An appeal was taken to the courts, which decided against him, and he was forced to choose between a permanent separation from his wife or the abandonment of his business interests here and return to China. In another instance a well-known Chinese merchant of San Francisco with his wife returned to China upon a visit. They were absent a year, and, when they again reached this country, brought with them an infant son of some three months of age. No objection was raised to the landing of the parents, but they were not permitted to take the baby ashore with them. As a supposed representative of "Chinese cheap labor" he was forbidden entrance to this free and great country. The case was duly reported to the Secretary of the Treasury, who has all such business in charge. To the honor of the late Daniel Manning, who then held that position, it ought to be said that, with his official approval of the course of the Collector, as being in conformity with the strict terms of the law, he inclosed a personal note which ran as follows: "Burn all this correspondence, let the poor little baby go ashore, and don't make a fool of yourself." It should be noticed that in both these cases the men concerned were merchants, and hence specifically exempt from the terms of the exclusion acts. And the wife and son are entitled to take their status, or classification, from that of the husband and father. Much flagrant injustice has been done by arbitrary decisions that certain Chinese were laborers and hence within the scope of our prohibitive legislation, when, in point of fact, they were merchants and hence free to come and go at their pleasure.

One more recent and most scandalous instance must be cited. In the course of the elaborate preparations made for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, a formal invitation was extended to China to take part, and a special commissioner visited that country to see that liberal arrangements were made by the Government of Peking. The invitation was cordially accepted, and everything desired by the representative was granted. It then became necessary, under these same exclusion acts, that regulations should be prepared by the Treasury Department for the admission to this country of Chinese—none of whom would be laborers, by the way, but merchants and manufacturers—who would have exhibits at the Exposition. These regulations, as originally framed, required that each exhibitor, upon arrival at any seaport in this country, should be photographed three times for purposes of identification, and should file a bond in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, the conditions of which were that he would proceed directly and by the shortest route to St. Louis, would not leave the Exposition grounds at any time after his arrival there, and would depart for China by the first steamer sailing after the close of the Exposition! Thus a sort of Chinese rogues' gallery was to be established at each port, and the fair grounds were to be made a prison pen for those who had come here as invited guests of the Nation, whose presence and aid were needed to make the display a success! It is only just to add that, upon a most vigorous protest made against these courteous (!) regulations by the Chinese Government and a threat to cancel their acceptance of our invitation, the rules were withdrawn and others more decent substituted. But the fact that they were prepared and seriously presented to China shows to what an extent of injustice and discourtesy our mistaken attitude and action in regard to Chinese immigration has carried us.

It must be admitted as beyond question that the coming of the Chinese to these shores should be held under constant supervision and strict limitations. And so should immigration from all other countries. The time has come when we ought to pick and choose with far greater care than is exercised, and to exclude large numbers who are now admitted. And it is asserted, without risk of successful contradiction, that

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there is no wise or just reason or ground for the existing discrimination against the Chinese. The various causes commonly assigned are either frivolous, devoid of foundation in fact, or a reflection upon the competence of our Government and people. It is this discrimination alone which is unjust to China, which she naturally resents, and which does us serious harm in our relations with her people.

It is much to be desired for our own sake that the Government of China will persistently refuse its agreement to another treaty like that which is about to expire; that intelligent and fair-minded citizens will take a deeper interest in this question which involves the National honor; and that the day will speedily dawn when we shall make use of less politics and more statesmanship in the administration of public affairs.

Sue Chang the Faithful

By Mary Stewart Daggett

SUE CHANG'S kitchen was immaculate; in fact, too clean for the course of ordinary events. Rows of utensils hung coldly bright above the sink; a dead range shone with the melancholy luster of fresh mourning; and even the little clock ticked a premonitory knell from the side wall.

Sue Chang, in an oilcloth traveling costume, his queue uncoiled, his dark face a study of conflicting emotions, bade farewell to his mistress. For the third time during sixteen years of service in one family, the faithful cook claimed a vacation of a year, and faced again for the Fatherland.

Chang's occasional visits to old China were always attended with certain trepidation—the gradual result of a long sojourn in the United States. He hated the ocean voyage, taken in the deep bowels of the ship, and by degrees had lost faith in many traditions of his native land.

The United States had insidiously usurped the power of rotting ancestors; Pasadena, California, was now the heathen's advanced ideal of civilization, "Temple Hill" his American home. Every tree and shrub on the six-acre knoll seemed dear to him. Here he had seen roses and little children blooming together, side by side, until dreams of far-away China, of aging parents, and even a young lily-footed bride of four years back became strangely mixed with local interests and modern beliefs. As already intimated, Chang had become an important factor in the daily life and domestic economy of the "Temple Hill" establishment.

That he had previously gone upon two visits to China, and was about to embark for a third one, made his sudden exit doubly tragic to his sad-eyed mistress. To-day she faced once more an oft-postponed calamity. Chang was going "back home" to be gone a whole year. With discriminating justice, the lady computed the price of her faithful cook's departure. The present moment seemed like a gloomy "foreword" to a still more gloomy story. Celestial data called up vivid memories of past tribulations, as she again endeavored to solve a half-forgotten problem. Twice before she had sought out the rule for the involved question, "How many days in a year, when the cook goes home to China?" Poor lady! already she had jumped at her answer, and it was twice three hundred and sixty-five.

On a fresh, sunshiny morning, when she should have been in the rose garden, or listening to love songs of mocking-birds hidden among vines of the veranda, she was otherwise engaged, with thoughts that were irritable and grim. What should she do without her faithful heathen? Where could his match be found? Was not his bread as digestible as heavenly manna? his soup as nutritious as the avowed promises of gold-label advertisements? When he beat the dust from a treasured prayer-rug, he harmed not a sacred thread! Controlled by his steady hands, the usual cut-glass disasters were averted; within his judi-

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cious grasp Coalport china took no sudden leaps into the air. He was a wonder, this quiet, masterful Chang. Even the hens of the chicken-yard respected him; each did her duty and laid an egg a day—Sunday not exempt. The doves revered him likewise, mourning with exaggerated pathos when he deserted them for China. Always when he called they came, dashing through the blue to the very verge of his kitchen door. When he fed them, they returned to their cotes joyfully, circling as they went, flashing their wings against the sunlit air like darting prisms. Standing among the pigeons in spotless white work-clothes, his queue coiled neatly above his intelligent golden brow, Chang made a picture. As the children of Temple Hill grew up, they went away to school and college; then Chang was "heap sorry." When they came home, he was "heap glad." When daughters and later a son of the house were married, he rejoiced. One day a little grandson arrived, and Chang's joy knew no bounds. "Heap lovely little man," he cried. "I take picture with him—send way back China—let my folks see all same 'Merican baby." He was charmed with the result of the snap-shot, and posed again upon his "New Departure" bicycle. "I tell my friends back China—my wheel fly all same bird," he declared with smiles. "My people not very smart like these United States," he went on. "More better old Empress die—I think that old lady keep China heap dark; some day my people get more light all same America."

A wistful shade clouded his brow. "Since I live this Temple Hill I understand many things," he acknowledged, with commendable pride. "Now I not believe those idols—now I say idols no good." His mistress bowed her approval, and Chang proceeded to establish Christian premises. "Idols cannot make happy—idols cannot make rich—idols cannot make good—idols just same like old brickbat—no hear—no see—no feel. One day I go back home tell my family these United States great country—idols no good—I know sure—now I live so long this Temple Hill." The mistress recalled the facts thus wisely stated a few weeks later, when his proposed mission and second visit to the Fatherland had become a theme for household consternation.

Shortly after Chang's heroic threat to enlighten his benighted countrymen he had received a command from aging parents to return to China at once. Both bade him fulfill his long-standing pledge to the child wife of years back; to hasten without delay to the Flowery Kingdom and restore a wilting blossom. The girl had now matured, and, with others of her class, awaited the arrival of alien sons who had gone to the United States after money. At first Chang seemed reluctant to obey the summons; but the tenets of a yet vague theology had not displaced traditions of ages, and gradually the lukewarm bridegroom flamed to the idea of nuptials prescribed by his unrelenting ancestors. Chang's preparations for his wedding soon became elaborate. He bought gifts for his future wife, and most characteristic of all he selected were buttons fashioned from United States two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces. These he purchased from the bank to enrich the wedding garments of the lily-footed bride. Each treasure was shown in turn to a sympathetic mistress. Chang was a proud lover, but occasionally he had doubts. "I like pretty much have my wife stay these United States—but no can," he one day deplored. "Not much fun have wife far away—ten thousand miles—I sorry, but I no can help—my father say I come back China—get marry more better back there. China son no can do like 'Merican boy—China boy no dare tell his father 'mind you business'—China son must do all same his father tell him."

The evening before Chang's departure for San Francisco the boys of the Mission School gave him a little supper, with ice-cream and music befitting the occasion. "I have heap lovely party last night," he said next morning with enthusiasm. "My friends bring presents—ice-cream—cake—nuts—laisons—I make speech! Teacher say long, lovely prayer—cause I not get sick that old ship—not get eat up by big whale—get safe back China—then come these United States. Boys

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all sing 'Onward, Christian Soldier'—shake hands—say good luck till I be home Temple Hill—my own kitchen."

At this time there was no doubt in regard to the legality of Chang's return papers. The United States had not then crossed the Rubicon of unjust policy. A chimerical interest in a store of Los Angeles's Chinatown gave Chang the privilege to return to the Republic at the end of a year. His mistress knew that after twelve months he would come back and take up his work without complaint or outward emotion. Some fine morning Chang would suddenly appear, as he had done after his first trip to the Fatherland; then her domestic burdens would roll away like valiant Christian's in "The Progress."

True to the fancy, in due season she lifted up her eyes and beheld the faithful one upon the rose walk. His oilcloth traveling suit seemed worse for wear, and the gray Fedora hat was a trifle soiled—otherwise the smiling bridegroom seemed to be in excellent condition. His cheeks were round, his eyes bright, his whole countenance frank with joy. An hour later Chang was again established in the United States. He wore once more his spotless white garments; his queue was neatly coiled for labor, while his mistress heard him calling to the pigeons, and half forgot that the faithful one had ever been from home. That same evening at dinner her family partook of the fat of a goodly land; for the eye-servant who cooked because she had to had departed.

Still later, in a happy dream, the mistress of a reconstructed household saw a wide and pleasant meadow, leading sweetly forward; wild green barley-spears gleamed through warm brown mold, and millions of golden poppies blazed in the sunlight. The lord and master of the confiding mistress straightway interpreted her vision. "The meadow," said he, "means at least four years of peace and comfort; the barley-spears eliminate the sad contingency of sour bread, and the golden poppies typify Celestial thrift. 'Blest be the shade of Confucius!' he exclaimed. 'Blest be his shade, for our precious Heathen has returned to his American home dead broke!'"

The prophecy proved true, and four tranquil years rolled by; then Chang's brow began once more to gather lines of anxiety. For the first time in the memory of his mistress he grew slightly irritable; later she surmised that her hour had come—Chang was going again to China. When she had recovered from her shock sufficiently to inquire the cause of her cook's sudden determination, Chang explained graphically that Chinese circles were greatly excited over the unjust stringency of the Exclusion Act. The old "Geary Law" was now masquerading in a straitjacket, and it was the belief of Celestial sages that working boys could have but one more chance for a peaceful trip to the Fatherland; the assurance that return papers would not be honored by United States officials after the ensuing year had created a panic in both San Francisco and Los Angeles Chinatowns. It was not strange that the heathen raged and imagined vain things. Then one morning Chang came to his mistress with a troubled brow. "I sorry—but I feel heap big debil inside my heart. I go back China once more—come these United States once more—then I must not come this America."

"Not so bad as that," the lady contradicted.

"Yes, I go—United States not care—I do no harm these sixteen year! No matter." He spread his hands in tragical despair. "I not go now—I not get back these United States any more—my papers no good after one year—when I come this country one more time I stay five year—then I go back see my wife all time—be all same my people." Sad lines formed in his forehead. "I sorry United States do that way. My country pretty good," he went on; "big mountains—all same California—people just too poor—too dark—not heap smart. Wing Lee—he go China too." (Wing Lee was our laundryman, and, like our cook, had served us for many years.) "Yes, he go too," Chang continued. "He sell out business—go back home—pay all his money out—so his wife and children not be slaves any more." The mistress raised her hands in horror! "Wing Lee's wife and

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children slaves!" "Yes, they all slaves back China. I not know Wing Lee back home," Chang coolly announced. "We go same ship till I get China; when I get my country, I say good-by—not speak to Wing Lee any more." "Indeed!" said the mistress. After all, thought she, snobbery is but the grandchild of caste.

Chang's candid scorn for the washman who was returning to China upon a godlike mission filled her with fresh interest. "And will Wing Lee be able to return to America?" she asked. "He not know—maybe he sneak in all same Mexico. He know one fellow do that way. Wing Lee he tell me—he try get back too. When his wife and children be free—he say he be dead broke—then he try get back these United States—make little money. He not know sure." The mistress prayed devoutly in her tender heart that the "Mexican sneak" might prove successful.

"And you feel that you must return to China at once?" she asked, with a lingering hope that Chang could be induced to change his mind. "Yes, I go," he declared, emphatically; and two weeks later he departed.

The ensuing year was a long one for the Temple Hill household. Many of the best Chinese servants of the Southwest had discreetly followed the judgment of Chang. There seemed to be hardly a reliable cook left in the country. A hegira had taken place in Los Angeles's Chinatown, and even Yap Sing, the Grand Mogul of the Celestial employment agencies, owned that the stock of cooks was poor and unreliable. "Pretty soon boys all come back," he encouraged from time to time, and at last the promise was fulfilled.

After months of inconvenience and waiting, when Chang's mistress had almost given up the idea of his return, she saw him once more trudging into her grounds with a big shining valise and a suggestive bundle of ship blankets. Her heart fluttered somewhat wildly, but she stood still with smiling dignity and awaited the inevitable moment. Triumph lit her eyes, for only that very morning she had disputed the pessimistic opinion of her husband, declaring stoutly that Chang the faithful would surely come.

Now, spreading beyond the approaching vision of returning peace and comfort, the great mountains seemed to applaud her faith. She lifted her eyes up unto the hills and returned thanks for blessings past and close at hand. The sweet spring air of the Southwest land touched her cheeks; every rose in the garden seemed to congratulate her. Then, with an exultant whir through the sun-kissed sky, came the doves. A pure white leader steered the flashing flock, and as Chang put down his valise and bundle to gaze upward the pigeons appeared to know that their friend had come. Into the blue they dove their joyous wings, circling after dazzling mates this way and that way, until at last they found the little plaza before the kitchen door. Here Chang fed them after his eventful journey of ten thousand miles.

In her secret soul the mistress vowed ruin to an unjust Exclusion Act. A restriction act were well enough, but justice should control its articles. Of what particular benefit were foreign missions if the United States did not treat fairly the very heathen it sought to Christianize?

Then and there the indignant mistress decided to write the story of "Sue Chang the Faithful." Perhaps the truthful little tale might start indifferent ones to thinking. When the faithful, plodding, clear-sighted Chinese laborers had all been driven from the Pacific coast, what would become of the "Happy Valleys" of a goodly land not yet half developed? Would not gradual decline tarnish the golden promises of earlier years? What would be the ultimate story of the far-stretching, burning mesa—thirsting for undeveloped water; of wide utilitarian acres below the "Mother Mountains;" of tender pockets of fertile mold hidden between pleasant hills? The mistress asked herself these questions with perturbation.

After sixteen years of satisfied sojourn in her adopted land, she did not believe it possible to develop the Pacific slope without the aid of Chinese laborers. The Japanese could never displace their Celestial cousins, in the calm estimation

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of the mistress of Temple Hill. She had watched both alien races with extreme interest, and she had seen always that in complicated matters, in tasks demanding strength and endurance, in loyalty, in truthfulness, in honesty, and general adaptability, the intelligent Chinaman can distance a Japanese of his own class.

Still wondering in regard to the possible outcome of a grave and undecided issue, the lady walked to the rear of the house; there, on the kitchen porch, she found her model heathen shelling peas. Gold of Ophir roses peeped at him from behind the lattice, while a derelict hen from the chicken-yard cackled her complaints at his feet. The picture was a comforting one, and the mistress dismissed for the day her moody speculations. Peas fell into the tin pan like pleasant rain. Suddenly Chang lifted his eyes; his countenance shone with pride and satisfaction. "I not tell you I get little son back China? Yes, he come all right—six hours before I start back these United States." He waited expectantly for congratulations sure to follow, then went on: "I not like leave my little son that soon—but I no can help—I heap scare anyway 'cause I stay home so long—I flaid my papers no good—I heap scare I not get back United States all light. My old ship sail next day my little boy be born—I heap sick in my heart—but no can stay—hear my little son make big cly."

The mistress sympathized as best she could, and Chang continued. "You not like you husband go away six hours after you little son get born?" "No, indeed," she answered. "I not think these United States very kind to poor Chinaman. Sixteen year I work this country—do no harm—when my little son be born I can no stay home one day—fear my papers no good. That hard—I say, I think Chinaman not do United States any harm—some Chinaman good—some bad—all same American man. Bad Chinaman smoke opium—do mean thing; but bad Chinaman not harm United States—just harm hisself."

Chang's command of English was not fluent; but his epigrammatic philosophy had charmed his mistress from the beginning of their acquaintance. The intelligent heathen understood much more than he could express. "I heap sorry 'bout poor old China," he went on, with clouded brow and hands clasped tightly. "I sorry 'bout my poor country. She have hard luck all time. That big Boxer war! Now pretty soon that big Russia want Manchuria—say China old fool. Some day I think China not have much land left. One year lose some—fight—pay out big money—lose more land. After while nations take all—China be dead broke—not any good. I see these things myself. Back home my people heap scare—say all countries fight China—pretty soon China have no more land—just have old temples—old idols."

He dropped his eyes, and the firm brown hands renewed their scuffle with the fresh green pods. For a moment falling peas appeared to sound a dirge for his gloomy convictions; then Chang the faithful lifted a smiling face. "I no can help these things," he declared, with the good nature of a true philosopher. "Now I stay this country five year—then I see, maybe, Plesident these United States do something—make new law—so good Chinaman can stay this country—go home—come back. I think that like Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ be sorry, I think, when poor Chinaman have bad luck."

The mistress was speechless in the face of convincing truth. The crude philosopher of the pea-pods had closed the question, and with strange humility the lady walked away.

Months later, when Russia and Japan began to fight for golden apples, she recalled Chang's prophecy. Often at breakfast she felt a furtive glance behind her chair, and knew that the Celestial sought for headlines of war in her morning paper. But he said little, and the mistress alone understood the force of her faithful Chinaman's dramatic silence.

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Music in the Colleges

By Daniel Gregory Mason

I WISH to present to those readers of The Outlook who are interested in the very important problem of how music should be studied in our colleges (and there are, I am confident, many such), a few fundamental considerations and distinctions which have not, it seems to me, been as yet presented with sufficient clearness in the numerous current discussions. Since Mr. MacDowell's resignation from his chair at Columbia University, and the publication of his and President Butler's letters, there has been an unprecedented flow of printer's ink in the service of various opinions on the teaching of music in colleges; but the net result of all this discussion has been perhaps quite as confusing as clarifying. Many writers have said many good things; but the very plentifulness and variety of this food for reflection has given at least some of us a mental dyspepsia. It is time to assort our ideas a little and to make one or two essential discriminations more salient, so that the more specific points will fall into order under a few general rubrics. I realize keenly, however, that in so practical a question experience must be the final test of the validity of all views, and I shall therefore support my points by referring to the opinions of men who have had more experience in actual teaching than I, and who have kindly put their views at my disposal.

The first requisite of all good teaching is that it should be adapted to the student's needs and capacities. The student himself, and not the teacher, the art, or the school, is the central element in the problem, the variable factor in the calculation. The fundamental distinction I wish to insist upon, therefore, is the distinction between the average student and the special student, between the ordinary college man and the young musician. And, first, let us consider the ordinary college man, and ask ourselves, What can he get from music, and what can music get from him?

Now, the average college man is a good normal young fellow, fond of athletics and of the companionship of his kind, much devoted to pipe-smoking, willing to study more or less in odd hours if a subject and its mode of presentation interest him, humanly averse to drudgery, and humanly responsive to a good time. He has come to college either because it seemed the usual thing for the boys of his acquaintance to do, or because his parents sent him, or, in some cases, because he thought it would mean an opportunity to enjoy life, and, in the delightfully vague expression, to "better himself." After leaving college he will go into business, or, if he develops a special faculty, he may become a professional man. We are not considering here either the "sports" or the "grinds," but the great middle class of the collegiate world.

What has music to offer this man? It has to offer him, I think, a lifelong source of pleasure and a genuine and important element in personal culture. Just as the seeds of a lifelong taste for reading may be instilled by a college course which acquaints a young man with Dickens and Thackeray, with Stevenson and Kipling, perhaps even with Keats and Tennyson—with any writers, that is, whom he considers interesting and not a bore or a chore—so the seeds of a lifelong enjoyment of music may be instilled by a college course which acquaints him with music that similarly interests and does not bore him. But acquaintance, real acquaintance reaching the stage of familiarity, with music is not so easily acquired as acquaintance with books; for books can be read by any one who knows his own language—that is, by any normal person—but music can be heard, and frequently heard, only by one who is provided with the necessary and peculiar means. One of my

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correspondents, Mr. T. W. Surette, well known as a popular lecturer on music, makes two points that seem to me very important just here. Says Mr. Surette:

> In recent discussions of music which have been read by the present writer one very significant fact has been unnoted. In this art, and in this art only, the condition obtains that between the creator—the composer—and the person who receives his message, an intermediary is necessary—the interpreter, the performer. A large part of our music study is devoted to this department of the art, with what painful results in most cases we are witness. The combination of æsthetic activity, of temperament, and co-ordination which is necessary to a performer is found so rarely that of the countless multitude who try to learn to play the piano an insignificant proportion ever succeed. Here is a great economic waste, and while performing music is the best way of getting at its secrets, this way is closed to many people, whereas the same amount of time spent in listening under guidance would have much higher educational value and be of permanent use.
>
> The great need of our universities to-day is that an opportunity should be offered all students to study music itself, not by practice on the piano or violin, but by hearing the great masterpieces performed. The use of piano-players (so-called "mechanical instruments") as a means of study removes many of the difficulties, and their adoption in some of the leading universities has already had far-reaching results. These instruments reproduce orchestral and chamber music in about the same relation that a photograph bears to a painting.
>
> The schools of theoretical music at our universities are already well equipped, and opportunities are not lacking for the practical study of playing, but both schools and universities should offer all students the opportunity of hearing great music as a means of education.

The "great economic waste" mentioned by Mr. Surette is, indeed, a thing painful to contemplate. Scores of young men all over the country, and hundreds or thousands of young women, are probably at this moment sitting in front of pianos, making a sullen attempt to achieve the impossible; and what is more, if, as an Irishman would say, they *were* to achieve it, the result would be for them little of deep pleasure or genuine cultivation. But if these same young men and women were to listen, under guidance, for one-half the amount of time they spend in this profitless drudgery, to performances of the masterpieces of music, even on mechanical instruments, but of course far better by skilled musicians such as all large cities possess, they would imperceptibly and unconsciously begin to care for music—for music itself, which is a very different thing from the performance of music. The melodies of the great masters would take root in their minds beside the snatches of verse from the great poets, of which every one has a small mental stock; the mysteries of "form" would become clear to them, not through any dry delving over "first themes" and "second themes," but as observable facts; the beauty and dignity of a pure musical style would establish standards in their minds; and they would end by understanding one more mode of human expression, possessing one more means of high delight.

I believe, therefore, that in all colleges the frequent and repeated performance of master works, by resident or visiting musicians, should form the nucleus and center of the musical department. Such performance could profitably be supplemented by the playing over, by the students themselves, on mechanical instruments, of the works heard and to be heard. This would be a working tool quite analogous to the home-study of photographs by an art class, preparatory to a visit to the museum to see the actual painting. There is still much prejudice, among musicians, against "piano-players," because they lack expression, light and shade, touch, the personal quality. But in course of time we shall inevitably come to value them as indispensable educational tools; for they present the skeleton of the music to every student, however devoid he may be of physical dexterity and of temperament; they present it in such a way that it can be repeated at will, examined in detail, and minutely compared with the score or printed record of the music, and they present it in its nakedness and lowest terms, so to speak, stripped of the momentary and ofttimes factitious and misleading "interpretation" of an ill-educated or perverse performer. In using them, one not only has the sense that one is "running the thing one's self," which is an immense stimulus to gen-

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uine study and self-development, but one also gets at close quarters with the composer's thought, instead of receiving it filtered and distorted through an intermediate person.[1]

Obviously, however, the young man we are considering cannot be left alone with the music itself and the means of playing it. He must hear and study under guidance. So that the third tool I should suggest as indispensable to a college would consist of courses of lectures, taking up music much as the literary lectures now universally adopted in colleges take up literature. These lectures should be as far as possible untechnical. They should explain the general motives and methods of art, the constituents of artistic effect, the principles of evolution as illustrated in art; they should trace general lines of development in the art of music, showing what impulses, and in comprehensible terms what technical methods, underlie such various schools as the symphonic school of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the romantic school of Schumann and Chopin, the Italian opera, and the Wagnerian music-drama. They should throw a side-light on the expression of the music by making clear the characters and temperaments of various composers, though with a modicum of mere biographical detail, which is for the most part irrelevant and petty. They should point out, though with prudence, analogies between music and other arts. In a word, they should in every possible way illuminate for the average man to whom they are addressed the objects of art which he is trying to enjoy and understand.

[1] Mechanical instruments are already in use in some of our colleges, notably Harvard, where a mechanical reed organ is kept at the disposition of the students. Each student has his private key to the hall where the instrument is kept; when he has a half-hour to pass, he can play over for himself a Wagner overture, a Bach fugue, or a Beethoven symphony. I found, when lecturing at the Harvard Summer School, that this opportunity was eagerly utilized by the students, with real benefit. Personally I prefer a piano-player, of which there are several on the market. Furthermore, the rolls of at least one of these are now cut by an experienced musician, in many cases directly from the orchestral scores, and with careful adjustment of phrasing, staccato and legato, balance of voices, and the like important elements of effect. With practice one can make excellent reproductions, on this instrument, of the absolute content of instrumental works; and I believe that it will prove an invaluable adjunct of musical education. Of course no mechanical instruments can ever be substitutes for the performance of a skilled player.

Mr. Walter R. Spalding, Assistant Professor of Music at Harvard University, writes me as follows on this branch of our subject:

I have always felt very strongly that the courses should of course be given in the "grammar of music," *i. e.*, harmony and counterpoint, and in the construction of musical form—Canon and Fugue, etc., so that those who have original musical ideas may be taught to express themselves easily and clearly. Still, much more attention should be paid to the æsthetic, literary, and historical side of music, *i. e.*, the side on which music should be a subject of general culture. The courses which may be called purely technical (those in Harvard known as Music I., II., V., and VI.) are, to be sure, of much general good to many who never expect to become professional musicians in any field, in that they tend to cultivate the imagination, to refine the taste, and to make the student a more intelligent and appreciative hearer of musical compositions. But I think that at present far too much stress is laid on these courses to the exclusion of general courses which should deal with the beauty and import of the actual masterpieces of musical literature. Just as in English literature, for instance, or in a modern language department, there are detailed courses on many different epochs, *e. g.*, "Prose Writers of the Seventeenth Century," "Poets of the Eighteenth Century," "Modern Lyric Poets," "Tendencies of the Modern Drama," why shouldn't a music department have courses on subjects like these: "Symphonic Writers of the Eighteenth Century," "The Romantic School," "The Modern Russian School," "Modern French Composers," "The Evolution of Instrumental Forms"? These courses, too, should abound in well-chosen and frequent illustrations. I am convinced that the great way for the general public to become more musical is to be enabled to *hear* the best music more frequently in connection with intelligent comments and suggestions for study.

Mr. Spalding here suggests, it is true, rather more of the purely technical training than I personally believe necessary to the average college man, but he recognizes fully the importance of general courses in appreciation of music, as elements in a liberal education. On the subject of technical training I shall have more to say in a moment. Meanwhile, I wish to adduce one more letter which seems to me to plead eloquently the importance of music as a general subject, although it also goes somewhat further than I should go in recommending technical work for college students. It is from Mr. Edward Dickinson, who

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fills the professorship of music in Oberlin College, Ohio:

All who are engaged in promoting art education in this country must earnestly wish that our universities and colleges would lend a little more of their aid to a cause which is in many quarters so brilliantly establishing and justifying itself. Even if we are not about to give art the prominence in our national life to which the enthusiastic connoisseur believes it to be entitled, still there is probably no other country in which taste is being so rapidly awakened and widely diffused, and certainly the work of our painters, sculptors, and architects has already far transcended that stage where it is called "promising." Not less insistently than its kindred arts is music proving its necessity as a factor in liberal education. One who compares the condition of musical art in this country with that of, say, forty years ago, would find it difficult to exceed probability in his predictions of the future.

Now, what are our colleges and universities doing to encourage this great popular demand for higher musical education? Are they to lead and properly direct it with their large resources and their supposed broad views of true culture and the means to attain it? Or are they still to lag behind private enterprise, as they always have heretofore in everything that belongs to the appreciation and promotion of fine art? Some of them ignore the whole movement, evidently still unaware that there are ideas to be conveyed except through the medium of spoken and written language. Some are feebly feeling their way, and discussing whether technical courses in music lie at all within the province and dignity of a college, and whether musical culture can be imparted without technical instruction. Others have heartily accepted the opportunity, and are letting their guiding light shine over art and music as they do over literature, science, and philosophy. The latter find that the so-called difficulties are mere bugbears, that appreciation of great music—which is as necessary to liberal culture as appreciation of painting and poetry—is not to be successfully imparted without some instruction in the rudimentary principles of musical reading; and so they, like practical American schools, concerned with facts and needs rather than with ancient English traditions, provide courses of lectures in musical history and interpretation in connection with practical training. As Dr. Denman W. Ross, of Harvard, says in his spirited article in the January "Brush and Pencil," there is scholarship in these things as well as in book-lore; it is a kind of laboratory work, educating the perceptions in the matter of works of art by initiating the student into some of the principles and processes by which art is fashioned. When all our universities and colleges are thus shaken and convinced, art culture in America, which is now making such magnificent progress with but little help from them, will receive a new inspiration which will in turn react upon the schools themselves in many ways of benefit.

It seems clear, then, that the great body of college men ought to have an opportunity to hear the best music, and to hear it frequently and repeatedly; and that they ought to hear it under guidance in the form of lectures dealing with the nature of art in general and with the salient characteristics, peculiarities, and historical schools of music in particular. It seems obvious that they would derive from such opportunities the foundations of a genuine fondness and a cultivated taste for the best music, and that their whole lives would be correspondingly enriched and refined. Moreover, it is not difficult to realize that music would gain quite as much from them as they from it. For these men are going out into the world after their college course to fill the places of greatest worldly influence and power. They are to wield the Nation's wealth and social influence. If music is to be supported by any one, it must be supported by them. And it will be properly, fruitfully supported by them only if they have learned to prize in it only the best, and to consider that best as good as anything that human energy can worthily pursue.

We come, then, to the consideration of the second type of man, the special student, the born musician, who, if he is numerically less imposing than the average man, is essentially quite as important to progress. To deal wisely with him is an even more difficult matter than to give the average college man what he needs and can assimilate. The man of special musical talent is a somewhat peculiar person. He is quieter, less gregarious, less athletic, more intensely though narrowly intellectual than his ordinary fellow-man. He is, above all, quite absorbed in music; he wakes to it in the morning, pursues it during the day, and goes to bed with it at night. Where it is concerned, hard work is play to him; where it is not concerned, he is apt to be indifferent, languid, *distrait*. How to put such a man into profitable connection with the ordinary college curriculum is so diffi-

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cult a problem that we are at liberty, it seems to me, to consider it insoluble—in fact irrelevant. Mr. MacDowell, to my way of thinking, strikes the root of the matter in the following opinion, to be found in the New York "Times" for Sunday, February 14, 1904: "'Should the university attempt to develop composers?' I am asked. It cannot. Nothing can develop composers but the composers themselves." To this dictum of Mr. MacDowell's one might add the words "and technical schools where these self-animated composers may receive a thorough grounding in technique."

The technique of music is so difficult, and so entirely untouched by the ordinary studies of the schools and colleges, which inculcate knowledge, by means of words, rather than skill through contact with things, that the best place for the intending composer seems to be, not the college at all, but the technical school or conservatory; just as the best place for the intending painter or sculptor is the studio. To learn to know is one thing, to learn to do is quite another. As the very derivation of the word "college," from Latin words signifying "to read together," indicates, the training of the college is a literary and a class training. The college is a place where men assemble in groups to study by means of a literary medium. But an artist, on the contrary, needs to study as an individual, and he has to study not through words but through practical experience in shaping things for himself. If he is a painter or a sculptor, he shapes visible forms—he draws, paints, or models; if he is a musician, he shapes audible forms, he "composes" (*i.e.*, "puts together") tones. And the art of putting together tones is not only a peculiarly difficult one, but it is one to which all other pursuits, whether laborious or casual, are unrelated. The literary man practices his art not only of intention while sitting at his desk, but unwittingly in all his thought and conversation. The musician practices his only in the hours specifically devoted to it. To pursue it successfully, to become a master, taxes all his energy and absorbs all his time. Again, it cannot be pursued in company with others, save to a very limited extent; it requires a personal, not a social, training. The artist is essentially a free lance, an uncommitted person. In the Life of Mrs. Stowe one makes the acquaintance of her delightful aunt Miss Harriet Foote, a lady of the old school, who had precise ideas of things, and held, among other amiable dogmas, that "though a person not an Episcopalian might be saved, it would be through uncovenanted mercy." So it is with the artist; he is saved through "uncovenanted mercy," and through that alone.

But I am aware at this point that my initial distinction is becoming a little dangerous to truth. "It is all very well to draw a line between the average student and the special student," the reader may justly say, "but is the average student able to appreciate music genuinely without any technical knowledge, and is the special student to be a mere eccentric genius, without any point of contact with other men, any general knowledge to broaden and regulate his mind?" As to the first part of the question, I will only say that the general student will certainly profit by as much technical knowledge as he can assimilate without indigestion or disgust. Let him study harmony or counterpoint if he wishes, but let them be always ancillary to his object of general appreciation and æsthetic interest. As to the second part of the question, it is indeed true that many musicians are pathetically narrow, one-sided men. But in the case of mere performers this is well-nigh unavoidable, since the greater portion of their lives has to be spent in a very special training. In the case of composers, the very inspiration which leads them to success in their own field, I think, generally in the course of time leads them to seek out and gain a broader culture for themselves. Most mature composers are men of considerable true education and width of interest. And their general education can hardly come in youth without endangering that special education which I believe is both vital to their success and inevitable through their tastes. Nevertheless, if some reciprocal relation could be established between the college and the technical school, so that a student of one could also avail himself in his

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spare hours of the facilities of the other, probably many individuals would profit. This, however, is a problem for the educators to solve.

To sum up: I have tried to point out in this paper that, in the first place, there is a sharp distinction to be drawn between the average student, who should have music presented to him as a "humanity," or subject of general interest to be pursued through familiarity with its substance and an examination of its principles and affinities, and the special student, who should labor at its technical difficulties in the spirit of the artist, without dissipating his attention on other things; and that, in the second place, the proper opportunities for the former student are to be found in the college, the methods of which are literary and social, and the proper training for the latter is afforded by the special school, the methods of which are technical and individual. Finally, I believe that music can never take the place it deserves in our national civilization without the help of both these classes of men. The man of the world, the college graduate, is the natural patron of art; without his social influence, the authority of his favorable opinion, and the practical backing of his money, music cannot be supported as it needs to be. And without the special skill of the musician all the patronage in the world will count for nothing; the composer is the man who concentrates, focuses, and makes effective all the musical activity of the nation.

The Native Race of Hawaii

By Lucien C. Warner

A MORE delightful climate than that of Honolulu I have never found in any part of the world. The air is balmy, it is neither too hot nor too cold, and the northern trade-winds give a tonic quality to the air which is the perfection of comfort. The thermometer rarely rises above eighty and never falls below sixty-four, while the average rainfall at Honolulu is thirty-eight inches, or about two-thirds the amount of New York City. Other places in the islands have a rainfall varying from twenty-six to over two hundred inches. One does not feel altogether friendly towards the ship which brought over the first importation of mosquitoes, but with a land and climate so perfect the people need something to keep them humble.

The development of the Hawaiian Islands during the past few years has been truly wonderful. The leading industry is the cultivation of sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar, and this gives direct employment to nearly sixty thousand people, mostly Japanese. The total value of the sugar plantations is seventy-five million dollars, and the annual export of sugar twenty-four millions. This great industry is nearly all owned and controlled by a company of a few thousand Americans, prominent among whom are the descendants of the former missionaries.

The total population of the Hawaiian Islands in 1900 was 154,001, divided among the different nationalities as follows:

Native Hawaiians	37,635
Chinese	25,762
Japanese	61,115
Portuguese	15,675
Negroes, Malay, etc.	638
English, German, etc.	5,893
Americans	7,283

One of the most difficult questions which confronts the islands is the future of the native race. The problem is quite different from that of the undeveloped races in most other countries. The native Hawaiians are already full American citizens, with all their rights and responsibilities. They exercise the right of suffrage without restraint, and as their total vote somewhat outnumbers that of the whites, they have their full share of elective offices in the territorial government. All this responsibility has been thrust upon a race just emerging from barbarism, with their moral and intellectual natures but feebly developed. The white population of Hawaii advo-

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cated the adoption of a restricted basis of suffrage which should not give the political control to the natives, and this view was strongly urged by a Committee of Congress which visited the islands to study and report on the situation. If additional argument was needed as to the wisdom of this course, it might have been found in the experience of the carpetbag governments in the South after the war; but the opportunity to play the demagogue was too tempting to be resisted by our lawmakers, so they deliberately turned the government over to a semi-civilized race. It is true that the Hawaiians have attended the native schools and can read and write, but they have not yet acquired that more important education which develops self-control, the power to resist temptation, and the ability to administer a public office for the good of the whole community. It may be that all the Caucasian race have not yet attained to the full measure of this high ideal, but there can be no question that the average sense of responsibility is higher than that of a race but two generations removed from savagery. The whites have been very patient and tactful in meeting the trying problem imposed upon them by Congress. They have not resorted to the shot-gun policy of the South, nor have they in any way interfered with the vote of the Hawaiians. They have rather sought to cultivate friendly relations with them, and to defeat bad candidates by uniting with the better element of the natives in supporting candidates of Hawaiian blood who were disposed to do well.

It is a curious sight to visit a session of the Legislature of Hawaii. In the lower house fully three-fourths of the members are native Hawaiians, while in the upper house the whites and native race are about equally divided. The proceedings are conducted in both English and Hawaiian, as many of the members understand English but imperfectly, and all the natives prefer to speak in their own tongue. The interpreter, who stands by the Speaker, is the most conspicuous personage in the assembly, and he translates into Hawaiian every word spoken in English and into English every word spoken in Hawaiian. The character of legislation favored by such a body is shown by the fact that last year, at the close of the session, the lower House voted to destroy all their vouchers, in order that the details of their expenditures might not be known to the public. The Senate is composed of better men than the House, and this fact, together with a wise, upright, and careful Governor, prevents much bad legislation. The islands suffer from the lack of good legislation, but that is not so great an evil as to suffer from bad legislation.

The present delegate to Congress is Prince Kalainanaole, a pure-blooded Hawaiian. He received the greater part of the white vote against R. W. Wilcox, the former delegate, who was of mixed blood.

The school system of the Hawaiian Islands is excellent, and nearly all the children of school age are in attendance. Of the 17,508 pupils in the schools in 1902, the Hawaiians numbered 7,772; the whites, including Portuguese, 5,611; and the Chinese, Japanese, and other races, 4,125. The schools are each year giving increased attention to industrial education, which is proving of great service to the natives. All instruction in the public schools is given in the English language. Of the 609 teachers 149 are Hawaiian or part Hawaiian. Nearly one-fifth of the native Hawaiians are being educated in private schools, most of which have been endowed by wealthy Hawaiians. Many of these are boarding-schools, where the children spend several years separated from the unfavorable influence of their homes. This is found to be very beneficial, especially for the girls, who acquire habits of tidiness and thrift which they could not obtain while residing in their own homes.

There is very little race prejudice in the islands, although the race question is very complicated. While I was staying at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, the battle-ship Wisconsin was in port, and the fashion of the city gave a dance in honor of the naval officers. Among the company I saw four of part Hawaiian blood—three ladies and one gentleman—and they seemed to be as much at ease as any in the party. The young ladies

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were in nearly every dance, and were apparently very popular with both officers and civilians. Two of the young ladies were of mixed Hawaiian and Chinese blood.

Most of the native Hawaiians are poor, and earn their living by day's work, though a very few of the descendants of the old royal family and chiefs still own considerable tracts of land. The common people, even under the ancient régime, owned very little land. There is abundance of work on the islands, and the natives are fairly industrious—not as industrious as Americans, and far short of the Chinese and Japanese, but compared with other races emerging from barbarism, particularly those living in a tropical climate, they may be termed industrious. Many are employed as teamsters, hack-drivers, sailors, stevedores, carpenters, masons, painters, and workers at odd jobs. They are better at work by the day than by the month, and they especially dislike work calling for a regular routine or repetition of the same thing. They are also better at earning than at saving. Money seems to burn their fingers, and they proceed to spend it as quickly as possible, generally using very little judgment in the purchases they make. This lack of thrift is one of the greatest hindrances to their material advancement.

Another deficiency of the Hawaiians, not shared to the same extent by other undeveloped races, is the lack of financial responsibility. It is hardly proper to call it dishonesty, for that implies a deliberate purpose to possess that which is not one's own. With the Hawaiians it is rather a sin of omission than of commission. They contract debts and neglect to pay them, or use trust funds and do not replace them. Probably they would pay if they had the money and could spare it conveniently, but it is not important enough to cause them to economize and save up the money to meet their obligations. This racial weakness is so generally recognized that natives are rarely employed in positions where money is to be handled. The most striking illustration is that Hawaiian churches do not trust one of their own number as treasurer, but select some responsible white man. When a Hawaiian was made treasurer of the Territory two years ago, he was advised by some of his Hawaiian friends not to accept the position. He was considered an upright and capable man, but they feared that his half-Hawaiian blood would not stand the strain of handling large sums of money; and their fears proved correct, for he soon fled from the islands with twenty thousand dollars of Territorial funds.

This weakness of character is very detrimental to the advancement of the race, as it prevents their success in any business enterprise. Very few lay up money with which to buy homes for themselves or to engage in trade on their own account. It is the opinion of those best qualified to know that there is a slow but steady improvement in this respect, although the outlook is still very discouraging.

The general health of the natives, especially of the full-blooded Hawaiians, is far from satisfactory. They usually have small families, many of the children die in infancy, and among the adults consumption and other diseases indicating low vitality are prevalent. Their total number has been reduced from 70,000 in 1853 to less than 30,000 in 1900. The health and vigor of those of mixed Hawaiian blood is much superior to that of the pure Hawaiians. There are two leading types of these mixed races, the Caucasian Hawaiian and the Chinese Hawaiian. Of these, it is the testimony of all observers that the Chinese Hawaiians are the best race, both physically and mentally. Many centuries of Oriental civilization under trying conditions have made the Chinese the most virile, hardy, industrious, patient, and thrifty people of the earth. These qualities, added to the kind, open-hearted nature of the Hawaiians, make a very superior race. It is said that Chinese husbands are popular with Hawaiian women, as they are kind and good providers for the family. Marriages between the Hawaiians and other races are quite frequent, and the number of part Hawaiians is steadily increasing. In 1872 the census gave

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but 1,487 part Hawaiians. In 1884 they had increased to 4,218, and in 1900 to 7,848. The larger proportion of children among the part Hawaiians is shown by the statistics of school attendance, which in 1902 showed 4,903 full-blooded Hawaiian children to a total population of 29,787, and 2,869 part Hawaiian children to a population of 7,848. In other words, the proportion of children is twice as great among the part Hawaiians as among those of pure blood. These facts force upon us the conclusion that within two or three generations the Hawaiians as a type will pass away, and the Hawaiian problem will find its solution in the gradual absorption of the natives into the larger and stronger races.

The Chronicle of an Eventful Life[1]

BEHIND the prosaic exterior of the late Henry Villard's business career lay all the elements of romance. We see a penniless lad throwing himself upon the tender mercies of a country of which he knew neither people nor tongue; a long, up-hill fight against poverty, the youth gladly working where he could find work to do, but handicapped by ignorance of life and customs, wasting himself to small avail; the gradual dawning of a fixed purpose, as knowledge grew, and the achievement of that purpose at the cost of infinite pains; the birth of love, an interlude in the carnage of war; the sudden transition from a career that offered fame but small worldly reward to one that held out both; and, finally, the transformation of the young German immigrant into one of the foremost of American financiers and railroad magnates.

This is the story related in these pages, rendered doubly interesting by being told with the skill of the trained journalist, the seeker after essentials, the repressor of superlatives. But it is only half the story. The other half, and to the student of affairs American the more important part, is the depicting of times, events, and men. Almost from his earliest youth Henry Villard was thrown into more or less intimate contact with makers of our history, and from the day of his entrance into the field of journalism enjoyed peculiar facilities for studying their personalities at close range. Through journalism, too, his acquaintance with the country broadened rapidly and markedly. In his salad days he had learned to know well the Middle West; before the outbreak of the Civil War he journeyed into the region of his future financial triumphs, the Far West, as an explorer of the Pike's Peak region in the period of the gold hegira—he was the first passenger to travel by stage-coach to the embryo Denver; while during the war he followed the fortunes of the Union arms both in the East and West of the Southern States. The war at all times looms large on the horizon of these memoirs, and the greater part of both volumes is devoted to a study of the campaigns with which Mr. Villard was connected as a newspaper correspondent. Singularly enough, he witnessed a succession of reverses to the Northern cause, and his pages teem with drastic criticisms of the policies that provoked disaster. His first experience as a war correspondent was at the battle of Bull Run, where he received a veritable baptism of fire. Hurrying back through the retreat to telegraph the news to his paper, he found his way impeded at every turn by the fleeing masses. Here he gives us his first caustic description of a commander of whom he has much that is unfavorable to say in connection with Fredericksburg. We quote it as characteristic of the freedom with which he expresses himself;

> I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me, and, looking back, perceived a mounted officer approaching at full speed. As he came nearer I saw he wore nothing on his head and was very bald. I soon recognized in him Colonel Ambrose E. Burnside, of the First Regiment of Rhode Island Volunteers, who had commanded a brigade under Heintzelman in the battle. There he was, hatless, swordless, and all alone, making the best of time on his fine black charger. I had made his acquaintance in his camp at Washington, and hence spoke to him as he hastened by.

[1] *Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900.* Two Vols., with Portraits and Maps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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He did not stop to talk, but merely exclaimed, "I am hurrying ahead to get rations for my command." But this struck me as preposterous, as such duties were not performed by regimental commanders, and as it did not account for his being without hat and sword. From this incident I conceived a natural prejudice against his trustworthiness as a general officer, which my later observations of him as a corps and army commander confirmed.

Burnside, it is almost needless to say, finds a place in the author's list of the "failures" of the war, a list that includes Fremont, McClellan, Buell, Halleck, Pope, and Hooker. Of Buell he saw much in Kentucky, whither he went shortly after Bull Run. His first intimate Kentucky study, however, is of Sherman, whom he found in command at Louisville. Sherman appealed to him strongly, and this despite the fact that the General had no liking for war correspondents, looking upon them as "a nuisance and danger at headquarters and in the field." At the time, of course, Mr. Villard could not agree with him, but looking back over the vista of years he concedes that General Sherman was right. "If I were a commanding general," he writes, "I would not tolerate any of the tribe within my army lines." It is worth noting, in passing, that Mr. Villard was the unwitting originator of the story that Sherman was insane, a canard that ultimately caused the General such distress that he asked to be relieved of his command. Buell, who succeeded him, was of a like mind concerning the newspaper man. "Besides his aversion to members of the press," we are told that Buell "was by nature reserved, taciturn, and cold in his manners—just the opposite of General Sherman. He repelled rather than attracted, not only his subordinates, but all who came in contact with him." The new commander soon proved himself more of a "cunctator" than Sherman, and Mr. Villard enlivens several pages with an epitome of the efforts made by President Lincoln to induce him to move promptly to East Tennessee.

When the movement was finally made, the author accompanied the troops, and was "among the very first to jump ashore" at Nashville. Here he met Grant, and, as had been the case earlier with Lincoln and was to be the case later with Garfield, failed to find in him any indications of future greatness. Mr. Villard is refreshingly frank in his rejection of the prophet's robe. Writing of Grant, he says: "I could not help feeling rather disappointed by the commonplace appearance of the man," and, elsewhere, "There was certainly nothing in his outward appearance or in his personal ways or conversation to indicate the great military qualities he possessed. Firmness seemed to me about the only characteristic expressed in his features. Otherwise he was a very plain, unpretentious, unimposing person, easily approached, reticent as a rule, and yet showing at times a fondness for a chat about all sorts of things." Two other noted men whom Mr. Villard met at Nashville were Andrew Johnson and "Parson" Brownlow. His picture of the latter is brief but vivid: "I was amazed to find in him a tall, thin, beardless, hectic man, who moved about with difficulty and spoke with a husky voice. But while his bodily weakness was extreme, his strength of spirit seemed unabated. He was a very entertaining talker, and spoke most movingly, with flashing eyes and pointing finger, of the wrongs to himself and his fellow-Tennesseans."

From Nashville Mr. Villard went to the bloody field of Shiloh, giving us, as in all the battles described by him, a spirited account of the conflict, based upon his personal observations and the official records of both sides. In but one instance—Chickamauga—do we find a battle unwitnessed by him painted in detail, but this he has properly deemed essential to the better understanding of his subsequent narrative. On the eve of that great struggle he was taken seriously ill, recovering only in time to be a spectator of the "battle above the clouds." In the interim between Shiloh and Chickamauga, however, his time was fully occupied. He was present at the siege of Corinth and the battle of Perryville, saw Burnside repulsed at Fredericksburg, was aboard the "Ironsides" in the futile assault upon Charleston, and was with Rosecrans at Murfreesboro'. His picture of Rosecrans is perhaps more detailed than is that of

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any other general, but it cannot be called attractive. "Old Rosey," it appears, gave him every facility for news-gathering, but coupled with this an evident desire to be heralded as "the great and only hope of the country." Soon Mr. Villard lost faith in "his fitness to command a large army and lead it to victory," and was not at all surprised at his ultimate fate. In connection with the manner of Rosecrans's removal from command, however, we find a vigorous protest against the part played by Charles A. Dana, then the Assistant Secretary of War, who was at headquarters. "I cannot help remarking," says Mr. Villard, severely, "that, as my own eyes observed at the time, Dana had intimate intercourse, day and night, with General Rosecrans, and that he enjoyed his personal hospitality, sitting at the same table and sleeping in the same building. His reports also prove that he deliberately drew the General into confidential communications, the substance of which he used against him, and that he had talks with general officers regarding Rosecrans which were nothing less than insubordination on their part. It can hardly be admitted that patriotic motives were a sufficient excuse for such a course."

With this we may take leave of the military portion of Mr. Villard's work. Quotations might be multiplied indefinitely to emphasize, on the one hand, the intensely interesting nature of the narrative, on the other the unfortunate tendency to reopen old wounds. There is much that Mr. Villard might well have omitted. In his delineation of the chief historic personage of his first volume—Abraham Lincoln—he harps unnecessarily on the weaker points of the great War President, and has some unpleasant things to say of Mrs. Lincoln. However, the Lincoln passages are noteworthy contributions. His acquaintance with the President began during the Lincoln-Douglas debates, which he followed in the interests of the "Staats-Zeitung," attaching himself to Douglas, for whom he at all times entertains a whole-hearted admiration. Of his first meeting with Lincoln at Freeport Mr. Villard writes: "I must say frankly that, although I found him most approachable, good-natured, and full of wit and humor, I could not take a real personal liking to the man." Despite this, they were soon on a footing of intimacy, and an accidental meeting during a rain-storm provided the author with material for one of the best reminiscences of the work. The two took refuge in an empty freight-car, where "we squatted down on the floor of the car, and fell to talking on all sorts of subjects. It was then and there he told me that, when he was clerking in a country store, his highest political ambition was to be a member of the State Legislature. 'Since then, of course,' he said, laughingly, 'I have grown some, but my friends got me into this business (meaning the canvass). I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure,' he continued, with another of his peculiar laughs, 'I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but, in spite of all, I am saying to myself every day, "It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it." Mary (his wife) insists, however, that I am going to be Senator, and President of the United States too.' These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees, and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. 'Just think,' he exclaimed, 'of such a sucker as me President!'"

Returning from his Pike's Peak trip, Mr. Villard again met Lincoln, and when next they saw each other Douglas's opponent had fulfilled his wife's highest hopes. After the election the young newspaper man saw Lincoln daily at Springfield, where he learned to appreciate fully his fitness for the high office to which he had been called. The chapter, "With Lincoln at Springfield," is one of the most important as well as the most interesting of the two volumes. From Springfield Mr. Villard journeyed to New York, as a member of the inaugural party, and to him we are indebted for the preservation of Lincoln's farewell address to his fellow-townsmen, which he prevailed upon the President-elect to write out for him soon after the train started. During the stormy days

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of the war the two met seldom, but of their meetings Mr. Villard writes in most realistic vein.

What Lincoln is to the first volume Bismarck is to the second. The author was no longer a newspaper man when he met the Iron Chancellor, but a financier of established reputation. In 1890 he was invited to spend a few days at Friedrichsruhe, and there received a warm welcome from the man against whom he admits having long entertained prejudices. Not only was he heartily greeted, but Bismarck soon waxed confidential, indulging in a philippic against all whom he deemed responsible for his downfall. "A most intense sense of the wrong and ingratitude he claimed to have suffered," we are informed, "made itself manifest. As an example of his unjust treatment, he recounted what he had done to unify the nation and to aggrandize the Hohenzollern dynasty. There was not only an unhesitating assertion of his own deserts as the founder of the German Empire, but an almost sneering and even contemptuous depreciation of other performers in the historic drama of his time, including even the Emperor William, the unfortunate Emperor Frederick, and the Empresses Augusta and Frederick. His language became a perfect diatribe when he referred to the present Emperor and some of his ministers whom he held responsible for his removal. His expressions regarding them were not only amazing but embarrassing to his hearer, who had close social relations with the ministerial objects of his scorn. To quote but one phrase: 'Some of these rogues I picked out of the very gutter.'" Small wonder that his visitor left him "with the fixed impression that the Prince never would or could forget or forgive those who caused his compulsory abdication from power, that he felt nothing less than implacable hatred towards them, that any apparent reconciliation on the Prince's part to the new régime that might follow would be only a stage show and not a reality, and that his thirst for revenge would not be quenched as long as he lived."

The period of the author's career in the financial world, though it extended over many years, is related in small compass when compared with the story of his early struggles and his war-time experiences. Nor does it present the pen-pictures with which the earlier chapters abound. We see no financiers so clearly as we do the journalists—Greeley, Dana, Weed, the elder Bennett, Hudson, Prentice—or the military commanders. It is couched, too, in more formal language, the third person being used in place of the first. But it is a lucid and compact statement of the work Mr. Villard set himself to do, and the manner of its accomplishment, and brings to a dignified termination one of the most interesting autobiographies we have received in years.

The Laws of Imitation[1]

STUDENTS of nature and man have observed in each the tendency of an observable process to repeat itself again and again. Of such repetition a constant form is imitation. M. Tarde, Professor of Modern Philosophy in the Collége de France, began some twenty years since to publish his studies of the laws of universal repetition, and of imitation as the distinctive social fact. His present work, now first presented in an English dress, appeared in 1890. In contrast with Spencer's exhibition of the biological side of human phenomena Tarde exhibits the sociological side, inquiring what it is in virtue of which society exists. It is something deeper than economic, juristic, political, or religious causes. Masters and slaves are bound together by an economic tie, but they do not compose a society. The social tie is psychological, in the human propensity to imitation. "Things are not born alike, they become alike." By imitation, however, more is meant than what is conscious and voluntary. It is often unconscious, involuntary.

[1] *The Laws of Imitation*. By Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the Second French Edition by Elsie Clews Parsons. With an Introduction by Franklin H. Giddings. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

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But though varied psychologically, sociologically it is always the same—"the action at a distance of one mind upon another, and of action which consists of a quasi-photographic reproduction of a cerebral image upon the sensitive plate of another brain."

Though social relations are infinitely complex, they fall into only two groups, as tending to transmit from man to man either a belief or a desire. And as it is either belief or desire that holds men together, it is this imitative transmission that forms the social tie, strengthened in the course of generations by a great accumulation of social custom. Tarde discerns his fundamental principle under various disguises. Invention and discovery spring from imitation through the concurrence in some ingenious mind of ideas borrowed from various others—a statement that accounts for much, but hardly for the prehistoric first step. Even the antagonism of groups in a given society is brought under the general formula. "There are two ways of imitating—namely, to act exactly like one's model, or to do exactly the contrary." This Tarde terms "counter-imitation," reminding one of Darwin's term, "counter-expression." Every affirmation is suggestive of its negation. The existence of despotism suggests democracy. No idea can be started which does not both attract supporters and provoke opposers. Men are associated not merely although they are adversaries, but rather because they are adversaries—both sides to a controversy being agreed that they must concern themselves with the point at issue.

There is, however, says Tarde, such a thing as systematic non-imitation of our neighbors in society. This is quite different, distinctively anti-social, hostile, warlike. In such historic examples as the conflict of primitive Christianity with the heathen society in which it was planted, and the modern renaissance of Japan, this is seen opening the way to "a civilizing revolution," in which the career of imitation advances on a new level.

Imitation, according to M. Tarde, has a definable advance from the inward to the outward, from ideas to expressions, from ends to means, from the superior, with some exceptions, to the inferior. A democratic period he defines as one in which "the distance between all classes has lessened enough . . . to allow of the external imitation of the highest by the lowest." The "extra-logical influences" affecting imitation, chief among which are custom and fashion, are elaborately discussed in their bearing on languages, religions, governments, legislation, political economy, morals, and arts. The laws of heredity are held to be complementary to the laws of imitation. The social fact is imitation, but heredity is its necessary prop.

Since all races are imitative, the inevitable goal of this tendency, now that separation has given place to intercommunication, is international assimilation. What is history but a record of "the career of imitations"? Everything in history is "a duel or a union of inventions" that spring from imitation. What is progress but "a kind of collective thinking," made possible by imitation in the interchange of ideas among scholars and inventors? This progress, however, will not, in M. Tarde's view, result in the side-tracking of religion. But "science, transfigured by a vast synthesis, and supplemented by a highly æsthetic morality, will be the religion of the future." This, interpreted by his other statement that religion tends to become spiritualized, seems to indicate the view that morality in its pure and supreme form, cosmic rather than mundane, *is* religion. Pursuing his fundamental principle to its conjectural origin, Tarde "dreams" of the soul of the universe as love, which characteristically delights in ceaseless self-repetition.

Tennyson's "Parliament of Man and Federation of the World" seems the natural goal of that international assimilation toward which M. Tarde sees human imitativeness tending. But he sees obstacles to it that will grow as it grows—national and racial prejudices and jealousies. It may be, he thinks, temporarily realized in some world-embracing agglomeration, but he forebodes a far-off "pause" when civilization may "draw back and give birth to a new offspring"—when excessive imi-

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tation will have engendered its opposite in a transformation of sociability into "a sort of general misanthropy," for a better realization of individuality. This illustrates the rather startling generalizations to which M. Tarde is prone. His distinctive trait is originality. History and science yield him abundant material for acute observation and brilliant theorizing. His thought is sometimes colored by his Parisian environment, and his French zeal for logical perfectness seems sometimes to strain the facts. But his work is fruitful, and important for the thoroughgoing student of sociology.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Church (The): Being a Brief Historical Sketch of the Body known as the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By Rev. William James Miller, M.A., B.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 87 pages. 50c.

American Girl in Mexico (An). By Elizabeth Visere McGary. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 158 pages. $1, net.

The Texas girl who writes this was for a year guest in the household of a high Mexican official in Monterey, and with the family journeyed to Mexico City, Saltillo, San Luis Potosi, and other places of interest. In her little book are embodied very pleasantly the results of the exceptional opportunities she thus enjoyed for studying the social life of the people of quality, as well as facts and observations usually noted by the sojourner in a foreign land.

American Problems. By Joseph A. Vance. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7¼ in. 252 pages. 75c., net.

The Negro, Labor, Liquor, Municipal Government, and Vice are the problems here presented and discussed by a Christian pastor. Mr. Vance writes clearly and forcibly. The negro problem he tints rather too darkly, not recognizing what the progressive element has accomplished. Such books as his have a mission to fulfill in rousing the churches to a better cultivation of the social and the civic conscience. He sees the fact that our only salvation as a people is in making our democracy a religious democracy.

Brevities: Companion Book to Crankisms. By Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. Illustrated by Clare Victor Dwiggins. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 80c., net.

Brook in the Pasture (The). By the Rev. John H. Elliott, D.D. (Inner Circle Series.) The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 34 pages. 25c., net.

Cadets of Gascony. By Burton E. Stevenson. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 378 pages. $1.50.

The Three Musketeers opened the door to a long train of shadowy followers. The French swashbuckler is still "swashing on his buckler," and the public is not yet satiated. The new tale by Mr. Stevenson has all the familiar ingredients, and comes out as well as most of its kind.

Cagnotte (La). By Labiche et Delacour. Edited by W. O. Farnsworth. (Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 134 pages.

Christian Conversationalist (The): Dealing with the Problems of Individual Work for Individuals. By Rufus Washington Weaver, Th.D. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 107 pages. 50c. (Postage, 6c.)

Christ's Boys and Girls. By Hermon D. Jenkins, D.D. (Inner Circle Series.) The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 41 pages. 25c., net.

Cicero's Selected Orations. Edited by Charles E. Bennett. (Bennett's Latin Series.) Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7½ in. 339 pages.

Classic Fables. Selected and Edited for Primary Grades by Edna Henry Lee Turpin. Illustrated. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 127 pages. 30c.

Common Sense Didactics: For Common-School Teachers. By Henry Sabin, LL.D. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 4½×7½ in. 343 pages. $1.

Commuters (The). By Albert Bigelow Paine. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 300 pages.

An account at once sympathetic and amusing of the pleasures and vicissitudes of suburban life as experienced by a New York commuter, his wife, their Precious Ones, and Pussum, the cat. If the reader does not find a smile on every page, it will be because he is either deficient in a sense of humor or has been denied the privileges of out-of-town residence with business in the city, and so is unable to appreciate to the full Mr. Paine's clever book.

Compendium of Drawing. By Ervin Kenison, S.B., Harry W. Gardner, S.B., William H. Lawrence, S.B., Charles L. Griffin, S.B., and Others. In 2 Parts. Compiled from the Instruction Papers in the Mechanical Engineering and Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting Courses at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill. Illustrated. 6½×9¾ in.

Corée (La), Indépendante, Russe, ou Japonaise? By Villetard de Laguérie. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) Hachette et Cie., Paris, France. 4½×7½ in. 304 pages.

In the final settlement of the question of the Far East Korea must play an important

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part; and with the eyes of the world turned in her direction by reason of the Russo-Japanese war, a second edition of this book, written just after the war between China and Japan, is particularly timely at the moment. It is written in an easy, natural style, packed full of interesting, first-hand information, and is made up of four distinct chapters, each complete in itself: The Conquest of Korea by Japan, Japanese Policy in Korea, A Picture of Korea before the Japanese Invasion, A Description of Korea, and finally a summing up entitled "The Question of the Far East," in which the author gives his reasons for the statement in his preface that Korea is incapable of making the necessary effort to achieve her independence and must therefore inevitably fall a prey to one of her neighbors. He adds that Korea is indeed a prize well worth winning; for, by reason of the strategic position she holds in Chinese waters, the formation of her coast-line, the fertility of the soil, and the undeveloped forest and mineral wealth, her possession will greatly augment the military power of a conquering or controlling nation.

Cross and Passion (The): Good Friday Addresses. By George Hodges. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 76 pages. 75c.

Darrow Enigma (The). By Melvin L. Severy. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 341 pages. $1.50.

The most perplexing enigma this story offers —why it was ever written—the author fails to solve. He does, however, with the aid of an amateur Sherlock Holmes (American edition, but with nothing of the original's phenomenal acumen omitted), clear up a part of the mystery surrounding the death of one John Darrow. But it takes over three hundred pages to get this imperfect and unconvincing solution—and still the reader is left in the dark as to the why and wherefore of certain of the "episodes" into which the story is divided, and certain of the characters which are conspicuously introduced and thereafter as conspicuously ignored. Hence the opinion expressed above.

Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago (The). First Series. Vol. I. The President's Report. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8½×11½ in. 574 pages.

Dollars and Democracy. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bt. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 244 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 10c.)

As Sir Philip frankly states in his prefatory remarks, his book is merely a series of notes and impressions "jotted down without much system at the end of a year of absolutely new experiences, while they are still fresh in the memory." He early and fully pays his respects to yellow journalism, the American child, the smart set, our sky-scrapers, and the Waldorf-Astoria, which he finds impressive—"at a respectful distance"! But generally his criticism is quite friendly, not to say laudatory, as in his conclusion, where he expresses his gratitude for "a gracious hospitality such as no other country has to offer the Englishman—the spontaneous, touchingly cordial welcome of the land of El Dorado."

Even Thine Altars. By G. J. F., Author of "Twelve Letters to my Son on the Bible." The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 113 pages. 75c., net. (Postage, 7c.)

Exercises in German Conversation and Composition. Edited by E. C. Wesselhoeft, A.M. (Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 122 pages.

Forward: Letters Written on a Trip Around the World. By Lina Boegli. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 320 pages. $2.

This book comprises a series of letters written, or supposed to be written, to a friend during a period of ten years by a young Swiss gentlewoman who, orphaned and weary of an uneventful and purposeless life, conceives the plan of a trip around the world. This she accomplishes, though it takes her ten years to do it, for she literally works her passage, being quite without resources other than her own pluck and ability after reaching Australia, from which time during the entire ten years she makes her way by teaching literature and modern languages. Miss Boegli's cheeriness and optimism and facility of expression make this record of her observations and experiences in many lands exceptionally pleasant reading.

Frontiersmen (The). By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 364 pages. $1.50.

Among so much writing that is only mediocre, the advent of a book of new tales from this author is a welcome event to reader and reviewer. There are an even half-dozen stories in this collection, all bearing upon the title given to the volume, and all, as ever, happily placed in her own Tennessee mountains. Miss Murfree's charm of style and unconventionality in choice and treatment of her themes is too well known for comment.

Golf for Women. By Genevieve Hecker (Mrs. Charles T. Stout). With a Chapter by Rhona K. Adair. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 217 pages. $2, net.

This reprint from the magazine "Golf" of the excellent papers by the champion player, Miss Genevieve Hecker, now Mrs. Charles Stout, will be hailed with interest by lovers of the royal and ancient game. The original photographs are reproduced, with pictures of Miss Hecker and that other authority, Miss Rhona K. Adair, English and Irish champion, who also has a chapter in the book on "Impressions of American Golf."

Great Companion (The). By Lyman Abbott. The Outlook Co., New York. 6×9 in. 160 pages. $1. net.

In distinction from believing something about God, there is here presented the wholesomeness, hopefulness, and sanity of living in relation with God. This is a book not of philosophy but of religion. The title is taken from the lament of Professor Clifford, "The Great Companion is dead." The object of the book is to indicate how in normal life men may discover that the Great Companion, though not seen, is yet not dead, but living and present. It is an inter-

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pretation in practical and familiar terms of what is, but what men do not always recognize in themselves to be, the consciousness of God.

Growing Pastor (The). By James G. K. McClure. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½×6½ in. 138 pages. 50c., net.

Handy Reference Atlas of the World. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E. (Seventh Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $2.50, net.

The plan of this work is a convenient one, as the book will fit in easily on an ordinary book-shelf and can be held comfortably in the hand. The maps are clearly printed, but sometimes too greatly reduced not to try the eyes.

Heart of My Heart. By Ellis Meredith. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 230 pages. $1.25.

The emotional experience of a woman expecting to become a mother recorded in a journal to be given her child at maturity. Acknowledging the writer's ability and beautifully reverent handling of this delicate theme, we may question whether a published book is the place for such expression.

History of New Paltz, New York, and Its Old Families. (From 1678 to 1820.) By Ralph LeFevre. Illustrated. The Brandow Printing Co., Albany, New York. 6¼×9½ in. 593 pages.

How to Teach a Foreign Language. By Otto Jespersen, D.D. Translated from the Danish by Sophia Yhlen-Olsen Bertelsen, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 194 pages. $1.90, net.

Hymns of the Christian Centuries. Compiled by Mrs. Perceval Mackrell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 280 pages. $1.50.

Each century, from the second through the nineteenth, is represented by at least one hymn. The literary quality of these hundred and sixty-six hymns chosen is high. In choosing them the editor gave preference to those which were unfamiliar and not easily accessible.

In Fifty Years. By Madame Belloc. Sands & Co., London, England. 5½×7 in. 61 pages.

Inquiry into the Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel (An). By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Hon. Litt. D. Published for the Hibbert Trustees. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 528 pages. $3.50, net.

The conclusion of this careful study is in favor of the Johannine authorship. It is a conclusion, however, which is based on evidence so presented that the reader feels himself to be free to reach a conclusion of another sort. The volume is divided into two books, the first of which, covering about an eighth of the space occupied by the second, concerns the peculiarities of the Fourth Gospel as compared with the synoptics, and its historical value. The second book contains a detailed account of the external evidence as to the Gospel's authorship, an examination of the internal evidence in favor of the traditional view, and a consideration of the arguments against the Johannine authorship. It is impossible here to rehearse the argument of the book. We may, however, characterize its spirit as being both scholarly and human. Although there appear the results of painstaking scrutiny, word by word, it is evident that Dr. Drummond bases his conclusions not more upon such scrutiny than upon the recognition of literary values that can hardly be measured by numbers. Naturally, we find arguments in the book which are not convincing, but they are incidental rather than essential arguments. The distinction between the Fourth Gospel and the synoptics finds here very intelligent and illuminating expression, all too rare in scholarly works on the subject.

Issue (The). By George Morgan. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 419 pages. $1.50.

A dramatic novel of the Civil War period and the generation immediately preceding. The scenes are laid chiefly in Washington and the South, but the tone of the book is calmly judicial, and real and imaginary characters on both sides of the great questions then at issue are impartially portrayed. Notwithstanding which, the battle scenes leave one the impression that the writer at one time must have taken a less dispassionate stand, for such knowledge it would be difficult to believe came other than by actual participation in the events so powerfully described. A pleasing dual love story embroiders the heavier fabric of the romance.

Jesus Christ and the People. By Mark Guy Pearse. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati, Ohio. 4½×6 in. 226 pages. 25c., net. (Postage, 4c.)

Letters from England, 1846-1849. By Elizabeth Davis Bancroft. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 224 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone. Edited by Herbert Paul. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 353 pages. $3, net.

The chief interest attaching to these letters does not lie in their contents *per se*, but in the revelation they make of a wholly fascinating personality. A profound scholar, Lord Acton was the most companionable of men, a savant of a liberal mind, and a keen man of affairs, as alive to the topics of the day as to the dry-as-dust information hidden in the German tomes over which it was his delight to pore into the wee, sma' hours. He bore his learning, Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff tells us in his scholarly tribute to Lord Acton's memory, "as easily and with as little ostentation as a child might carry a feather." His special study was history, and for years he cherished a dream of writing a magnum opus, a philosophic history, to the completion of which he would have brought not only great erudition but an essentially critical spirit, quick to the discrimination of values. The monumental Cambridge Modern History, now in course of publication, was designed by him. In the present volume, containing the letters he wrote to the daughter of his beau-ideal statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, he discusses a variety

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of questions, and unburdens himself freely on religion, politics, and literature. Catholic though he was, his opposition to Ultramontanism and Vaticanism knew no bounds, and here he is relentless in his expressions of animosity to the system which, in his opinion, has fettered the Church. In politics a Liberal, he was, apart from his devotion to his chief, as independent of thought as in matters of religion. The same independence marked his discussion of literary themes, saving when the question was of George Eliot and her work. To her he swore allegiance in literature as he gave his fealty to Gladstone in politics, affirming her to be the "greatest writer of her sex in all literature," and brooking no opposition. The nearest approach to a schism between Lord Acton and his political leader, we are told, was that Gladstone underrated George Eliot, while Lord Acton was unjust to Gladstone's favorite novelist, Scott. All this adds piquancy to the letters which, it must be said, are of rather uneven interest to American, if not to British, readers. This criticism will apply to Mr. Herbert Paul's introduction, sadly lacking in the force and virility manifest in the first two volumes of his history of Modern England, recently reviewed in The Outlook. Nor does Mr. Paul appear to have grasped the full significance of Lord Acton as a passive factor in the determination of the direction of thought.

Life of Jesus (The). By Oscar Holtzmann, D.D. Translated by J. T. Bealby, B.A., and Maurice A. Canney, M.A. Adam & Charles Black, London, England. 5½×9 in. 542 pages. $4, net.

This is a book for the student, not for the ordinary reader even if serious-minded. One who wishes to make a study of the life of Christ and to have at hand the results of recent Biblical and historical investigations as they concern it will find it advantageous to use this book. The translation has been made with the approval and under the eye of the author. Dr. Holtzmann brings to his work learning, soberness of mind, the power of making keen discriminations, and a conscience concerning the use of evidence. His work is characteristically German in that it shows the processes as well as the results of his study. Occasionally the reader feels that proportion is sacrificed for the purpose of emphasizing needlessly an original analysis or comment. The style and point of view are bookish. The work as a whole evinces academic acuteness rather than human insight, though in some passages the reverse is true. Dr. Holtzmann dismisses the Fourth Gospel as a historical source of little value. He misunderstands it, so it seems to us, because he fails to see that the real historical document is the writer of the Gospel rather than the Gospel itself, and that in revealing his own mind this writer was giving to the world what was in effect, to use Paul's metaphor, an epistle written by Jesus himself. As Dr. Holtzmann underestimates the Johannine Gospel, so, we think, he overestimates some other sources. Not infrequently, too, he misinterprets Christ by putting a formal construction on some human and natural act, as when he considers the story of Jesus' washing his disciples' feet an institution of baptism, or by giving a literal turn to a saying, as when he ignores the stinging irony in Jesus' reply to the Syro-Phœnician woman. On the other hand, Dr. Holtzmann can, in a few words, illuminate a practice or a phrase of Christ's, as he does when he refers to Christ's use of the term "the son of man" as a token of his reserve. It is a sign of the tendency of modern scholarship that this free-minded scholar acknowledges the historical reality of Jesus' works of healing, and emphasizes the supreme importance in the life of Jesus of the resurrection. In transferring the stress from the accounts of the disappearance of Jesus' body to the accounts of Jesus' appearances to his disciples, Dr. Holtzmann not only conforms to historical evidence concerning the resurrection, but also brings into prominence its spiritual significance.

Middle Wall (The). By Edward Marshall. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 470 pages. $1.50.

Moses Brown, Captain U. S. N. By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 220 pages. $1.25, net.

This book is much more than a biography of Captain Brown. It is, as Mr. Maclay wished it to be, a picture of the daily perils, hardships, privations, and adventures of the average naval officer's life in the early days of the service. It records also several recently discovered historical facts concerning battles of the Revolution in which Captain Brown took part, and gives an interesting account of the first ship in our navy to bear the name Merrimac—the only one of the three so named with which the general reading public is not already familiar. Facsimile reproductions of a page from the log of this vessel and many other important papers and prints accompany the text.

Minute Marvels of Nature: Being Some Revelations of the Microscope. By John J. Ward. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. Illustrated. 272 pages. $1.60, net. (Postage, 15c.)

The wonders of the microscope are here clearly set forth and exemplified by capital illustration. In popular style the author tells about plant structure, animal parasites, insect tools and weapons, flower-dust (pollen), deep-sea diatoms, and scores of other minute and curious things in nature's byways.

Newman. By William Barry. Illustrated. (Literary Lives.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 225 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Philippines and the Far East (The). By Homer C. Stuntz. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5½×8 in. 514 pages. $1.75, net.

This study of conditions in the Philippine Islands is in character and extent essentially similar to Dr. Brown's "New Era in the Philippines," reviewed in these columns in the issue of December 5, 1903. Like Dr.

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Brown, the present writer—who is the head of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in the Philippines—is polemically Protestant in tone, but, also like Dr. Brown, he does not refuse to recognize the good accomplished by Roman Catholicism even in the dark days of the Spanish régime. He is uncompromising, however, in his attitude toward the friars, whose presence in the islands has proved, in view of the documentary evidence here and elsewhere adduced, an evil of far-reaching proportions. Dr. Stuntz, of course, has much to say on this important question, and it is interesting to note that he includes the correspondence that passed between Governor Taft and Cardinal Rampolla relative to the sale of the friar lands. In this are made manifest the forces that combined to render the negotiations so tortuous and long drawn out, and that ultimately brought about the consummation of the purchase with a saving clause for the friars. Happily, Dr. Stuntz points out, the problem remaining unsolved is rapidly nearing solution. When the American fleet sank the Spanish ships in Manila Bay, there were 1,108 Spanish friars or monks in the islands; to-day there are little more than 100, and "the steady progress of withdrawal goes on by every ship that proceeds to Spain." As may be expected, Dr. Stuntz dwells upon the workings of the Evangelical Union, the Protestant organization for spreading the Gospel through the islands; but his work may fairly be described as being fully as much secular as ecclesiastical. The peoples, the resources, and the institutional development of the islands under American rule are made the subjects of lengthy discussion, all of which is so systematically arranged and so lucidly expressed that this may be accepted both as a popular and authoritative handbook of the Philippines. Especially does this apply to the exposition of the legislative and educational evolution now in progress. Regarding the material exploitation of the islands the author is less explicit, but we observe that he is one with Dr. Brown in calling for a modification or a more liberal interpretation of the Chinese Exclusion Act so far as the Philippines are concerned. He devotes an interesting chapter to a general discussion of our relations in the Far East, embodying statements on the domination of Russia that already seem antiquated by reason of the news from the seat of war. The declaration that "there is no way that either England or Japan, or both together, can strike Russia at any vulnerable point in the Far East" makes odd reading just now. But hostilities are by no means at an end, and the event may prove the correctness of Dr. Stuntz's views in regard to the supremacy of the Bear. Taken as a whole, we would commend this work, not as a sequel, but as an excellent supplement, to Dr. Brown's "New Era."

Poems. By Andrew Edward Watrous. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 105 pages. $1, net.

Prayers Written at Vailima. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×7½ in. 19 pages. 50c.

Problems of the Present South. By Edgar Gardner Murphy. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 335 pages. $1.50, net.

Such subjects as child labor, education, and the position of the negro in the South are treated in this noteworthy volume, on which we make extended editorial comment in this issue. We hope that the reception accorded this book will justify Mr. Murphy in publishing the later volume which he suggests as a possibility, covering such subjects as the taxes and negro schools, the South and the amendments, and the broader emancipation.

Psychological Year Book: Quotations for Every Day in the Year. Gathered by Janet Young. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5½×8 in. 50c., net.

Rise of English Culture (The). By Edwin Johnson, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 585 pages.

The author of this attractive-looking volume has undertaken to prove in large detail Napoleon's opinion that history is a fiction which men have agreed to accept. He is—or rather was, for he died in 1901—a man of large erudition, which he employs in maintaining most revolutionary propositions. The rise of English culture cannot be dated earlier than the rise of the Tudor dynasty. The Anglo-Saxon letters are a sixteenth-century invention; also the History of the Venerable Bede; Bede himself, a supposed eighth century personage, a mere "symbol;" Chaucer, a legendary figure. So also are the great navigators, Vasco da Gama, Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci. The same is maintained to be the case with church history. There was no constituted Christian church before the eleventh century; Augustine, the other Fathers, and the church councils all are myths. There was, indeed, it seems, such a person as the Christ, earlier than Mohammed, and the desire of the Roman Church to trace its origin to him is presumed to have been the motive for its compilation of the New Testament and the writings of the Fathers. The great fabricators of the whole mass of secular and religious fiction that the world accepts as history were the Benedictine monks, whose Order begins late in the thirteenth century, nearly five hundred years after the accepted date. "The Sermon on the Mount is their composition." As to the Old Testament, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and other prophetic writings are assigned to modern times of Jewish persecution. The author is described by the friend who writes his memoir as a man of sweet spirit and daring devotion to truth. We have heard of but one comparable to him in the courage of wrong-headed conviction—the Englishman who years ago laid a heavy wager that the earth was flat. A man who can believe that such a writing as St. Paul's letter to the Philippians is the work of a mediæval monk can believe anything.

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Robert Cavelier. By William Dana Orcutt. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8½ in. 313 pages. $1.50.

Another historical romance—this one with La Salle, the French explorer, discoverer of the Mississippi, for its hero. The author in his foreword claims to have adhered closely to facts, and of his material he has made a readable story Typographically the book is admirable, the illustrations are good, and the chapter decorations very clever in design and execution.

Shakspere: Personal Recollections. By Colonel John A. Joyce. Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 306 pages.

Siege Days. By Mrs. A. H. Mateer. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 411 pages. $1.25.

It might be thought that the siege of Peking had been thoroughly described and nothing left to be said. But this volume, by a missionary who was in the besieged city during the summer of 1900, Mrs. Mateer, is arranged upon a new plan. The personal experiences of American women and children are told by and credited to each individual, and yet dovetailed into one continuous narrative. The effect, while undoubtedly exact, is disturbing to the reader and awkward in appearance. Prefaced by a few pages in which the gathering storm is prophesied, these bits, longer or shorter extracts from letters, diaries, and published articles, are chronologically arranged and a complete diary of each of the eight weeks is given. Many thrilling incidents of Chinese devotion and heroism are repeated. Especially noticeable is Mrs. Jewell's story of the Chinese schoolgirls under her care. The personal element, the touches of humor, the effect of "quietness and assurance forever," vivify the whole narrative and make it of unique value.

Story of Christ's Passion (The). By Charles H. Leeson, S.T.B., D.C.L. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 147 pages. 50c., net.

Theatrical Primer (The). By Harold Acton Vivian. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4×6 in. 135 pages. 75c.

Tolstoy and His Problems. Essays by Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 220 pages. $1.

The essays comprised in this appreciation and interpretation of the work of Leo Tolstoy have already seen the light in various publications, and, indeed, have, with one exception, appeared in book form in the first edition of the present work. The exception is an article on "Tolstoy's Teaching," written for the Tolstoy Number of "Literature." Here Mr. Maude outlines the Russian philosopher's views by briefly surveying the various works that have come from his pen since 1878, and thus summarizing the conclusions to be drawn from them: "They all show his profound conviction that the primary guidance for our life lies, not in what is outside us (as is generally implicitly or explicitly affirmed among materialists, church people, worldly people, and spiritualists), but that the essential thing is to 'know thyself,' or, as George Fox said, to hearken to the 'inward voice.'" Mr. Maude has long been on a footing of intimacy with Tolstoy, for whom he feels the respect and admiration so well expressed recently by Dr. Steiner, and one of the most interesting essays in the work is that entitled "Talks with Tolstoy," wherein are preserved striking *obiter dicta*. We note the omission from this edition of the Doukhobor paper that appeared in the first, an omission that is explained by Mr. Maude as due to a desire to give it a thorough revision. It is a pity that the publishers of these helpful essays have seen fit to use a type most trying to the eyes.

Trusts of To-Day. By Gilbert Holland Montague, A.M. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 219 pages. $1.20, net.

A simple, succinct statement of the evolution of the idea of industrial combinations, of the advantages inherent in the "trust" system, and of the dangers following in its wake, together with a compact survey of the efforts made by State and Federal authorities, through legislation and litigation, to curb the evils of the trusts. Finding the trust movement justified from the industrial standpoint, Mr. Montague acknowledges that it is attended by very real evils, chief among which he places "railway discrimination" and defective organization and management of the combinations themselves. He would not abolish, but reform, the trusts, and when the necessary remedies have been applied, "combinations which have assembled sufficient economies to compose an advantage over the competing concerns which they supplant will be as harmless politically as they are efficient industrially." Mr. Montague shows no disposition to "run amuck," conservatism being his watchword. He writes clearly and convincingly, supporting his contentions by names, dates, and figures, and has produced a useful little handbook on a subject of vital importance.

Twisted History. By Frank C. Voorhies. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 208 pages. $1.

Vineyard (The). By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Voice of America on Kishineff (The). Edited by Cyrus Adler. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 491 pages.

It is a curious coincidence that brought this book to press when Russia was claiming sympathy as a "Christian" nation in combat with a "pagan" nation. Lest we forget the indignation aroused last year by the Easter massacre of Jews at Kishenev, the protests of the platform, the press, and the pulpit of America against this and other maltreatment of Jews by Russia have been collected in a volume whose index covers more than seven pages of fine print. The Russian defense is included, also the petition in remonstrance which the Russian Government declined to receive.

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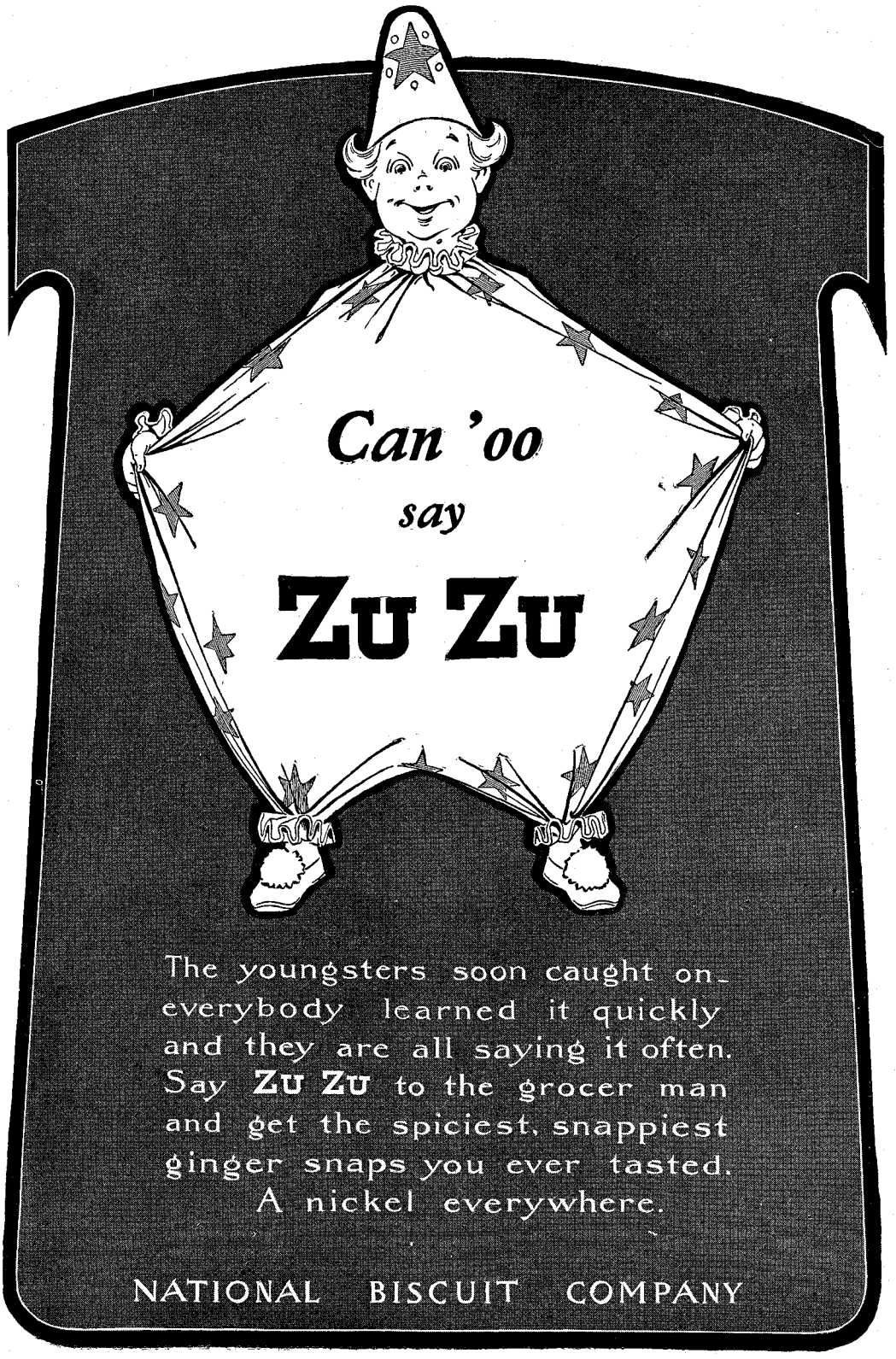
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